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FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH

THE SILENT VOICE OF THE EAST

POEMS BY MRS. WM. LAWRENCE (LILY)

ILLUSTRATED BY R. W. BROWN

1. No subject

L. C. Owen.
- from D. L. Allison.

Christmas
1893.

NCM

L. C. Owen

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FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS

OF THE LATE

MRS. WILLIAM LAWSON, (M. J. K. L.)

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

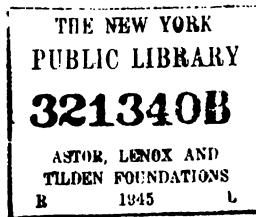
HARRY PIERS AND CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

"I lay before your feet
My gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, gifts that are bitter-sweet.
Their bitterness is all mine own, from memory's leaves distilled,
With the full sweetness of the draught your cup of life be filled!"

M. J. K. L.

HALIFAX, N. S. :
MORTON & CO.
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1893.



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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE following verses are published in compliance with the wish of many friends, as a loving memorial of Mary Lawson, who during her lifetime won for herself the affection and respect of all who knew her. The present generation needs no such momento to keep her memory green, but in after years the little volume may serve to perpetuate the remembrance of one whose ability, usefulness, influence, and poetic talent were always employed on the side of those things which are "pure, honest, and of good report." The collection is laid before the public without a demand for recognition, and the critic is left unchallenged. It may be that the poems will not appeal to all, but there are doubtless those to whom this native frankincense will have a sweet savour, and who will, through the grace of sympathizing natures, find therein some of that loving kindliness with which the author was imbued. For such, and such alone, this volume is intended.

Owing to the limitations of the book, a few poems have necessarily been omitted, which would otherwise have appeared.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

MARY JANE KATZMANN, the second daughter of Christian Conrad Katzmann and Martha Prescott, was born at "Maroon Hall," Preston, about five miles from Dartmouth, N. S. Her father, who was a native of Hanover, came to Nova Scotia with H. M. 60th Regiment, or King's German Legion, in which he was a Lieutenant. When he left the regiment about 1822 he settled in Preston, where he resided until his death on 15th December, 1843. Her mother was a Nova Scotian, a granddaughter of Dr. Jonathan Prescott, of Massachusetts, who came to Nova Scotia and settled there with other New England Loyalists. Through him the family claims relationship with the historian Prescott.

From a very early age, Mary Katzmann showed unusual intelligence and signs of that love for literature which always characterized her. She could read at the age of three, and from that time devoured eagerly the limited number of books which were at her disposal in Maroon Hall. Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* and *Chambers's Journal* were her especial favourites. Owing to the remoteness of the country district in which she lived, educational advantages were few; and, save for the help given by her own family, she was almost entirely self-taught. Her quickness of perception and wonderful memory no doubt compensated to a great extent for the lack of other advantages.

As she advanced in years, she published short poems from time to time, and afterwards became a regular contributor to various periodicals and newspapers, including the *Colonist*, the *Record*, and the *Guardian*. For two years she edited the *Provincial Magazine*, one of the earliest of its kind published in Halifax. For this she wrote "Tales of our

Village,"—sketches of the early history of Dartmouth and Preston interwoven with local traditions. She invariably signed all she wrote with her initials, M. J. K., and by this soubriquet became well known to all her friends.

She was married in 1869 to William Lawson, Esq., of Halifax, in which town she was then living. After her marriage, her time was largely given to work among the poor, and to social and benevolent schemes, particularly those connected with the Church of England, of which she was a devoted member. She preserved to the end of her life that love for literary work which she had early displayed, and any event of interest in the community was sure to call forth sympathetic lines which were now signed with the initials M. J. K. L. In 1887, she obtained the Akins Historical Prize of King's College, Windsor, for her *History of the Townships of Dartmouth, Preston, and Lawrencetown*, which shall come from the press immediately. She died at Halifax, on Sunday, 23rd March, 1890, after several weeks of painful illness, leaving one child, a daughter.

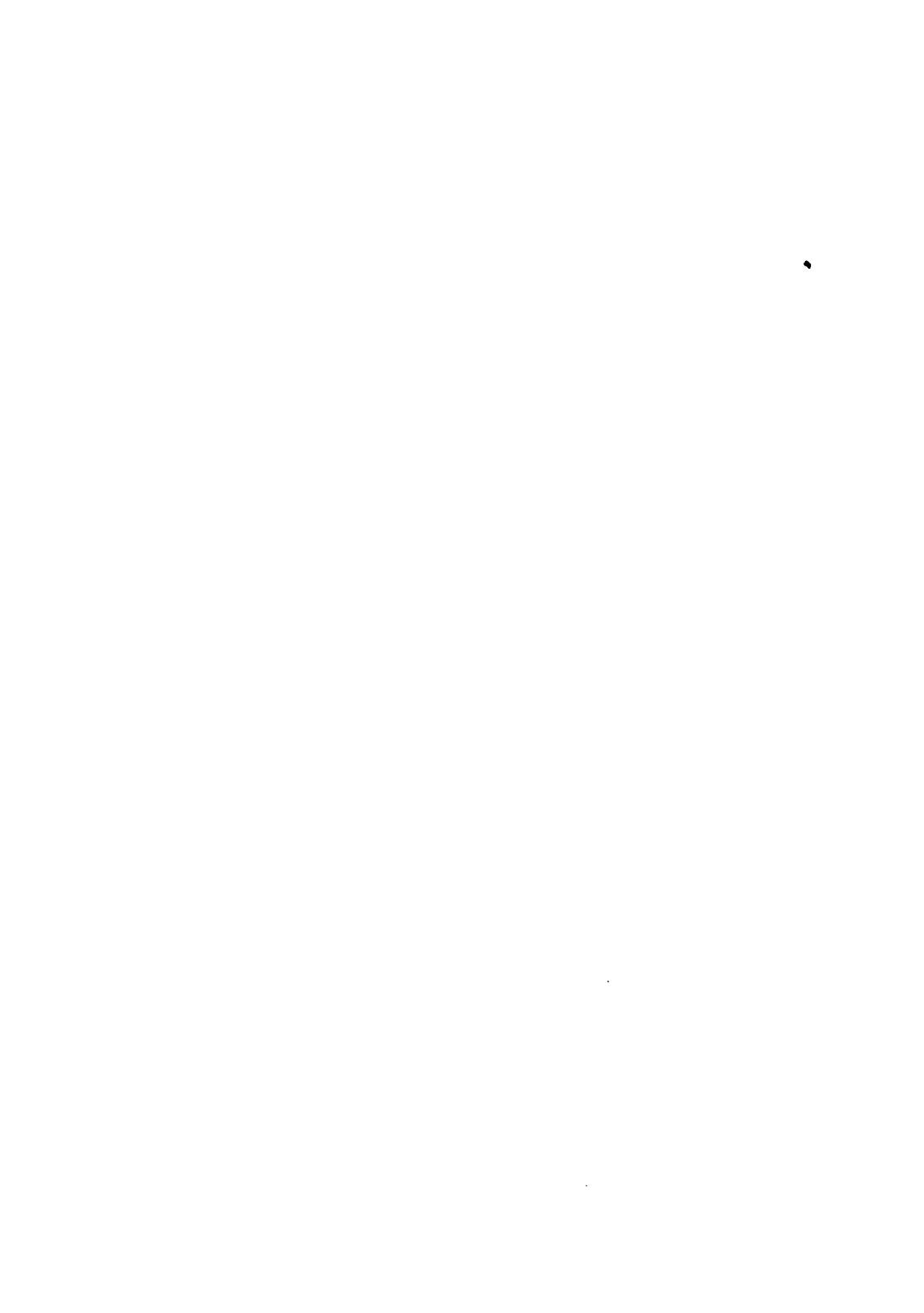
She was a most valuable friend, ready always with sympathy and practical help in time of trouble, and grudging neither time nor strength when needed. The following remarks, made, after her death, at a meeting of the Church-womans' Missionary Association in Halifax, well express the loving appreciation of her many friends:—

“ She was so quick to please, so courageous to execute, so full of expedients, and so undaunted in difficulties, that we all naturally looked to her for guidance when our way seemed dark and our plans threatened with failure ; and we never looked in vain. While full health was granted to her, she never tired in doing with all her might all the good which her busy hands found to do ; and even in the days of waning strength, her willing spirit seemed to conquer bodily weakness, and up to the last she worked with an energy that astounded all who knew how greatly illness had undermined her bodily force. By her death many a poor member of the church has lost an open handed friend, many a sick member will miss a loving comforter, and many a good work be deprived of powerful support.”

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FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH.

SONG OF THE MORNING.

I come on pinions of golden light
To break the bars of the gloomy night ;
I rouse from slumber the sons of earth,
And wake the blaze on each household hearth ;
I call to action, and work, and strife,
To busy toil, and to rush of life ;
Strange mingling of sorrow and joy are borne
To the hearts of men by the voice of Morn.

The factory child and the seamstress pale,
Their weary hearts at my coming quail ;
With aching eyelids they greet the light
Which breaks the sleep of the quiet night.
The restless spirit is glad to see
New strength for its tireless quest in me ;
The gay and the glad to pleasure wake,
As the golden rays of the Morning break.



The weary sufferer turns to greet
With joy the glance of my rosy feet ;
While the sons of labour sigh to see
The renewal of daily toil in me.
A different tale I bear to each
Of the myriad toilers I come to teach ;
And none may question and none may scorn
The gifts that lie in the clasp of Morn.

I come to Nature with quickening glance,
And fill with beauty her broad expanse ;
The flower opens its dewy breast,
As the kiss of my sunshine stoops to rest.
Old Ocean lifts its hoary waves
And my light laughs down to its cool, dark **eaves** ;
While ancient forest and lonely stream,
Wake up and rejoice in each glorious beam.

I come, and Earth's great pulses thrill
With a mighty force and an iron will ;
Its ceaseless noise and restless strife,
Strange echoes bear from the rush of life.
The smoke that curls from each cottage home,
The merry voices when children come,
The workman's din, and the martial horn,
With clash and clatter, salute the Morn.

.

I come as a token of holier things,
My message is sent by the King of Kings ;
I break up the cements and death of Night,
And waken the sleeping to life and light.
And thus shall the Spirit rend the gloom
And break the rest of the lonely tomb,
Till each silent sleeper to heaven is borne,
In the light of the Resurrection Morn.

1850.

SONG OF NIGHT.

I come from the depths in my ebon robe,
Winding its folds round the silent globe ;
Bringing cool dews to the drooping flower,
Giving to Nature a resting hour.
I come with slumber, and calm, and peace,
Toil folds its hands as the echoes cease ;
I hold the restless in gentle thrall,—
But I come not with blessing and peace to all.

The idle, the vain, and the evil see
A veil for their craft and their sins in me ;
Beneath my silence, and mantle grey,
The ruffian seeks his lawless prey.

The fierce debauch, and the guilty deed,
Find in my shadow the cloak they need ;
And many a wild and unhallowed rite
Makes darker still the solemn Night.

To the sufferer laid on a bed of pain,
I come with a phantom and mocking train ;
Scaring away from the eyes that weep,
The gentle seal of the touch of sleep.
The heart recoils from the ghost-like tread
Of moving shadows and shapes of dread,
Till the weary soul and the tired sight
Long for the Morning's golden light.

I come with conscience, remorse and fear,
Till the false heart quails at the record there ;
I open the book of the darkned past,
Where memory rules an empire vast ;
And the humblest spirit strives to still
The voices that rise at my judgment will,
Till it cowers condemned in its lonely fright
From the secrets unveiled by the searcher Night.

I come with holier things than these,—
As a priest I hallow life's mysteries ;
I come with repentance, and praise, and prayer,
Sweet voices that thrill through the listening air.

I come with beauty, and calm, and rest,
To tired pilgrims a holy guest ;
With dreams of love, and hopes loveliest things,
For the young hearts slumbering beneath my
wings.

All Nature has temples and altars fair,
And I am the priestess who ministers there ;
My lamps are the holy stars above,
Pure vestals of beauty, and praise, and love.
My vigil hymn is the low-voiced breeze,
As it sighs through the leaves of the watching
trees ;
And the prayer that is asking for help and light,
Is heard in the hush of the holy Night.

1849.

“ He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and
he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.”

—*Proverbs.*

THE conqueror bears upon his shield
Red trophies from a well-fought field ;
And trumpet peals, and crowns of fame,
The hero’s victory proclaim.
Skilled in the art of war, his sword
Has reaped in battle great reward ;

Before his banner, foes have bowed,
As flowers before a tempest cloud ;
And yet, though glory binds his brow,
And thousands bend in homage now,
A mightier conqueror still than he
Moves calmly on in rivalry.

What wins the warrior by his toil ?
A vanquished city's shining spoil,
Strongholds which long the foe withstood,
Ruined by fire and stained with blood.
Might, and not right, may win the day ;
The panoply of war's array
May gleam upon a breast of sin,
Weakness and weariness within.
The rival conqueror who shares
The brightest trophy glory bears,
Is he who firmly can control
The passion of the human soul.

The city's strongest walls may yield
To warriors on a battle field ;
Tactics and skill may overthrow
The wiliest snare of wily foe ;
But he who rules his stormy heart,
When passion claims a stormier part,

Who safely curbs its treacherous will,
Is greater than the warrior still.
Beside such conquest, all the fame
Circled around the warrior's name,
Melts like the colder hue away
From reddening clouds at break of day.

1849.

CHURCH BELS.

THE bells, the bells, the old church bells,
A sacred and melodious sound,
To sea and land their summons tells
That earth to-day is hallowed ground.
They fall upon the listening ear,
Like tidings from a world above,
As earth and heaven alike can hear,
The diapason of their love.

They mingle sweetness with the air,
They give to holiest feelings birth ;
They sound, and thousands come to prayer,
From stately hall, and cottage hearth.

A holy influence fills their peal,
Touching the wanderer far abroad ;
He hears, he enters in to kneel,
And offers homage unto God.

The prodigal, whose straying feet
Have wandered from their Father's fold,
Hears in their language, pure and sweet,
A message from the days of old ;
And memory mingling with the bell,
Recalls to him his early years ;
He hears, and melted by the spell,
His contrite heart returns in tears.

A link between the earth and heaven,
The music of the church bells here,
By heaven anointed, blessed and given,
To bring the fainting pilgrims near ;
To make within the answering breast
The melody of prayer and praise,
And whisper of that glorious rest
Where God's own people anthems raise.

And hard indeed the erring heart,
Which will not thrill and yield to these,
As telling of the better part,
They chime out heaven's own mysteries.

Dear sound to lead us back to God !
The eye grows dim, the spirit swells :
Up from His footstool, earth's green sod,
Love answers back the dear church bells.

1850.

THE SNOW.

It comes, the fair unsullied snow,
In flakes of feathery guise,
Until the sleeping earth below
In bridal raiment lies.
From out the soft clouds, fresh and fair,
In mazy chase they stream ;
Like fleecy messengers of air,
The shining snow-flakes seem.
Each forest tree is fringed with light,
The branches droop below,
Rough mound and rugged slopes are white
In fleecy robes of snow.

It comes ! and earth is hushed to rest ;
The muffled raiment given,
Is wrapped around her frozen breast,
From out the storm-clouds driven,—

Soft as the bird's soft breast of down,
Which cleaves the summer air ;
White as the whiteness resting on
The robes the sainted wear !
Beneath the starry vault of night,
A glory seems to fall,
Of ambient and eternal light,
Upon this ermine pall.
And far from stain, and free from soil,
So purely seems to glow,
The perfect robe, unwrought by toil,
Of winter's soft white snow !

1850.



THE RAINBOW.

FAIR bow ! whose soft tints on the southern sky linger,
In loveliness traced by the Deity's finger !
On the blue scroll of heaven a beautiful token
Of a promise, remaining for ages unbroken.

Still speaking of love, which change cannot alter,
Of care and protection, which never can falter,
Of Him who is heard in the thunder's fierce hour,
Yet who whispers to man in the lowliest flower.

Like a bird that brings hope on its beautiful pinions,
From earth's fairest, and brightest, and furthest
dominions,
Is the rainbow to us. In its radiance is given
A pledge, and a promise, a message from heaven.

When Time was an infant, this crescent of glory
Beheld the young earth rise and heard its glad story ;
And it shines to us now, like a scroll from past ages,
God's message of love on its exquisite pages.

When the tempest is roused, and the waters have risen ;
When the floods lift their heads and leap out from
their prison ;
The Creator is still to His children inclining,
And we rest in His love while the rainbow is shining.

1850.

DYING WORDS OF LORD NELSON.

“I thank God I have done my duty !”

LOUD roared the mighty cannon,
The furious notes of war,
Amid the dashing breakers
Of the bay of Trafalgar :
Where Britain’s gallant sailors,
For Britain’s glory fought,
And the red-cross banner floated
O’er dreadful carnage wrought.

Home went each wingéd death shot,
To many a foeman’s heart,
Till a host of noble warriors
Had fought life’s latest part ;
But there came a sweeping broadside
Which shook the gallant deck,
And the flower of Britain’s sailors
Lay dying ’mid the wreck.

That shot called forth the life-blood,
As it rent the trembling air,
Of the hero of the battle,
The master spirit there ;



And Nelson's voice was silent,
As they bore his form away
From the scene of fearful combat
Which marked that glorious day.

Rest for the warrior spirit,
Calm for the victor's breast ;
He is sleeping on his laurels,
By his grateful country blessed.
Such visions passed around him,
As his fainting voice was heard,
Contrasting strangely with the tones
Which gave the rallying word.

With ebbing strength he murmured :
" Thank God that I have done
My duty,"—with these dying words,
Down went his glorious sun.
And a silent calm was sleeping
On the hero's pallid face,
While the death-fraught guns were booming
Above his resting place.

Leave, leave that life unquestioned,
The sphere beside the hearth,
Where *man* puts off the *hero*
'Mid humbler things of earth.

This life hath other duties
Than those of lance and sword,
And may we not judge the spirit
By the conqueror's dying word !

November, 1852.

NANNIE.

So sleep at last hath found thee,
My little blue-eyed girl,
And softly does the summer wind
Stir each fair golden curl.
Tears are still trembling on thy cheek,
The tears of baby grief,
Yet smiles play round thy rosy mouth—
Thy trouble hath relief !

Sleep on, thy sleep of innocence,
O gentle baby girl !
For life to thee is still a land
Whose walls are gold and pearl ;
And dreams, if e'er they visit thee,
Can never be so fair
As what thy heart will picture life
Before thy day of care.

How calm thy blue-veined infant brow,
How pure thy happy smile,
As though an angel's touch had left
Bright impress for awhile.
Oh ! temple of the Holy Light
Which God to earth has given,
Keep pure the chambers of thy soul,
And keep them fresh for heaven !

A little wayward, laughing child,
When waking seemest thou ;
But here asleep, a holiness
Looks upward from thy brow :
And such a solemn feeling steals
Forth through the silent room,
I cannot analyse its depths
Of beauty and of gloom.

There is no prophesy of life
Upon thy little face,
Only a winning tenderness
Of innocence and grace.
Sleep on, thou precious little lamb
Of home's most tender fold,
The hopes of life seem bound in thee,
Though scarcely three years old.

O blossom, fold thine angel wings,
And keep them near thy heart;
Amid life's care, and pain, and sin,
Be thine the better part.
Thou art a bud, a gem, a bird,
O blossom, shine, and sing,
But keep thine early innocence
As life's sole precious thing !

Sleep on thy soft and balmy sleep,
Thy little cares are still,
And quiet beauty bathes thy form
Like sunshine on a rill.
Rich in three year's experience,
With love and kindness laden,
Hath earth aught fairer than thyself,
Dear little blue-eyed Maiden ?

September, 1853.

NANNIES LAST SLEEP.

Beneath the fever's wasting grasp,
Breathing her life away,
Unconscious of love's fondest clasp,
Our little darling lay.

She with whose life our own seemed blent,
The sunshine of her home,
The rainbow arch, that o'er us bent,
Of promise and of bloom.

Yet there she lay—a dying child ;
Dim were the deep blue eyes,
Where thought and gladness blending smiled,
So child-like, yet so wise.
Like marble was the earnest brow
Where fell her curls of light,
Oh, God ! we almost marvel now
That we could bear such sight.

Three little days, and she had been
So full of health and life,
A song-bird in earth's desert scene,
A charm to soothe its strife.

And now we watched her dying there,
That flower of lovely bloom ;
God would not hear the heart's wild prayer,
But called our cherub home.

Beneath delirium's fevered trance
She knew not those who wept,
Nor recognized one loving glance
That watched her as she slept.
The little heart with love so warm,
N'er thrilled to kiss nor word ;
We only held the breathing form,
A harp with broken cord.

Long had she lain in silence there,
Deaf to each word of ours ;
And death stole softly through the air
As dew on twilight flowers ;
When one she loved the best bent down,
And whispered words of love,
Whose very tenderness of tone
Might win her from above.

The little voice found utterance then,
Though not to answer him ;
For things too bright for mortal ken
Met then her vision dim.

“Open the door!” broke from her lips,
Three times distinct and clear;
Ah! even then, through death's eclipse,
The gates of heaven were near.

Her last earth words! And full of thought
That sentence seemed to be;
The angels gave the boon she sought,
Quick immortality!
For soon the gates of light unclosed,
To that bright little one,
A glory on her face reposed,
And we were left alone.

Oh! what a world of hope went up
With that bright angel child;
The promise of life's bitter cup,
That half its care beguiled:
Lent for a span so sweet and brief,
We know not why or how;
'Tis ours to faint and fail with grief—
We have no darling now.

April, 1855.

THE VALLEY OF THE GASPERAUX.

THE spring's embroidered kirtle hung gracefully round earth,
Stained with the rainbow blossom of glad rejoicing birth ;
The green trees shook their tassels, in feathery beauty hung,
And music filled the forest by a thousand voices sung.
The bladed grass looked upward from the rich and fallow soil,
And Sabbath beauty mantled the homes of happy toil ;
While the sun from heaven's blue arches cast a wonderous golden glow,
On the glad and fruitful valley of the lovely Gaspereaux !

Fair slept that pleasant valley, a sweet Arcadian scene,
As the lazy river wandered the sleeping banks between ;
The blue flags cast a shadow of azure on its breast,
And sedge-grass choked the mill-wheel now motionless in rest.
The wild-rose shed its perfume upon the balmy air,
And the graceful Linnæa trembled in fragile beauty there ;

While the green and graceful willows bent lovingly
and low,
Like a band of trusty warders o'er the winding
Gaspereaux.

Far in the hazy distance, some stately elm trees grew,
Graceful in all their grandeur and verdant in their hue.
Each in umbrageous beauty, of Nature's own design,
Bathed in the dews of heaven, and rays of glad
sunshine,

Each lifting to the south wind a leafy diadem,
Whose soft green clusters shadowed the old centennial
stem.

The elm trees and the willows, brought back the
long ago,

When Acadian peasants wandered by the happy
Gaspereaux !

Here in the peaceful valley they tilled the grassy sod,
And lifted up the incense of simple hearts to God ;
And here beside the river, in purple eventide,
They set those willow saplings, now old and sanctified,—
Ay, sanctified by sorrow, by suffering and by time,
By dearer things of memory, which stir the spirit's clime,
For those willows chant a legend by the river where
they grow,
Of the first Acadian settlers by the lovely Gaspereaux !

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And their hallowing presence lingers through the
stillness soft and low,
Which wraps the pleasant valley of the shining
Gaspereaux !

July, 1858.

LINES ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.

Where purple hill-tops bask in light, and flowery vales
are fair,
Where golden broom and heath-bells deck “the bonnie
banks of Ayr,”
Far in the old poetic past, where misty memories lie,
Beneath the frosted rime of eld, a century gone by,
When shining winter mantled earth in vesture snowy
white,
And midnight stars together sang their songs of living
light,
Through the dim cloisters of the sky that held the
coming morn,
A band of fairy voices sang “A poet child is born.”
Softly the elfin music fell in mellowed cadence there,
And woke the drowsy echoes round a cottage home of
Ayr,—

Where the three shadowy sisters spun strange web
and woof of strife
For him who slept within the hush of awful new-born
life.
They flung the poet mantle round—that strange
mysterious garb,
That hides amid its folds of light the arrow and the
barb.
They touched the wakening spirit then with fancy's
radiant wand,
And planted in immortal soil rare seeds from fairy-
land.
Thus waving magic circles round the cradle where he
lay,
In token of his heritage, the music died away.

Years dropped into the lap of Time, the child became
a man,
Winning his rich inheritance despite the iron ban
Of empty rank and shining gold. Superior to them all,
The subtle brain, and poet heart, o'erleapt the potent
wall.
He proved there is no lineal claim, no birthright
autocrat,
“The rank is but the guinea stamp—a man's a man
for a' that;”

"By banks of Doon," in barley rigs, "by braes of
Balochmyle,"

He dropped the shining links of song about his
native isle.

Where the "wee mountain daisy" bloomed in white
and crimson vest,

Or by the wild romantic Loch where timid fowl had
rest,

He held the glass to nature's face from folly's mask to
free us,

Potent as "giftie's power to see ourselves as others
see us."

He was the champion of his kind—brave man and
gentler woman—

Yet claimed indulgence on the plea "to step aside is
human."

Nature the free, the beautiful, his parent and his guide,
In moulding this, her worshipper, "no prentice hand
she tried."

Alike in days of "smiling spring," or when "the hay
was mown,"

In "chill November's surly blast," or "winter's angry
zone,"

He shrined all things in nature's realm with "thoughts
and words that burn,"

Learning from one the world-wide truth, that "man
was made to mourn;"

But oftener gathered from the flowers, the stream, the field, the grove,
This better universal truth, man's watchword, "God is Love."
He sang old Scotia's hero sons, who roused them for the fray,
With "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled"—a martial roundelay.
Yet strung his harp to tender tune, with touch so soft and airy,
When singing "bonnie Jean of Ayr," or gentle "Highland Mary."
To gay and grave, to peer and hind, his verse was for the masses,
But never fell so sweet and clear as when he sang "the Lasses."
Perchance his muse too prodigal, at times astray was borne,
In "Tam O'Shanter's" midnight ride, and bold "John Barley Corn,"
With such a wealth of wit and power, hard was it to determine,
Which way "the subject theme should go," turn out "a song or sermon."
Yet often rose on lofty wing, from meaner things away,
When painting rural Scottish life, "The Cottar's Saturday."

His lays are now a nation's wealth, as household words
they seem,
We sing them in our festal hours,—through young
love's rosy dream.
The very soil is classic ground where once his foot-
steps trod,
Still rests the shadow of his soul on Ayr's poetic sod.
Still through the lapse of misty years the admiring
spirit turns,
Till Scotland's old heroic soil is called "the Land of
Burns."
The harp that through its heathery braes poured forth
its dulcet sound,
Still lingers in sweet echoes there along the haunted
ground.
Where'er the sons of Scotia rove, o'er desert, field
or flood,
Where breathes the old chivalric soul, and flows the
patriot blood ;
Be it upon the tented field, or sunburned plains of
toil,
Or where New Scotland's Mayflower blooms upon this
western soil—
One touch can thrill their kindred hearts borne o'er
the deep along,
The charméd melody that lies in Burns' wealth of song.

Still leap their hearts in ecstasy to each familiar air,
Shrined in those burning words that find a living
echo there.

Thus though a century has passed, crusting this hoary
earth,

Since in the midnight voices sang the poet plough-
man's birth ;

Though time athwart throne, altar, hearth, with
untamed wing hath brushed,

Since on the heath-clad banks of Ayr the singer's
voice was hushed,

Leal to his memory Scotia's sons revere the silent bard,
In death more glorious than in life—he reaps a rich
reward.

To-day in every storied town, in each fair hamlet spot,
Where Scotchmen find a dwelling place—and say
where are they not ?—

His radiant memory they crown with wreaths of loyal
fame,

And write upon the scroll of time, their poet's death-
less name.

Fresh from the gathering dust of age, his birthright
robe he wears,

His is no poor uncertain crown, no idle homage theirs !
In him the poets all receive their legal right to sway,
What love hath consecrated long they proudly crown
to-day !

It is not rank, it is not gold, nor valours arm'd might,
That writes upon a nation's soul such characters of light
As those that live in Scottish hearts, o'er which their
memory yearns,
In the sweet, stirring minstrelsy, the patriot song of
Burns.
Thus weave they now the gathered bays Time's
fountain borne adown,
And gem with stars of pride and love the fresh
immortal crown
Of him who lapsed in slumber deep, lies mid the
heather fair,
Beside the banks he loved so well, the "bonnie banks
of Ayr."

January 25, 1859.

THE LAHABE RIVER.

The tinted robe of autumn was folded round the land,
And beauty, like a girdle, the quiet country spanned.
Meadow and sloping hillside, where grazing herds
were seen,
In soft October sunlight, wore garb of summer green.
The rosy apples brightened beneath the golden ray,
Within whose mellow radiance the pleasant orchards
lay.

The iris clouds bent downward, and kissed the laughing
wave,
That sparkled on the bosom of the broad and blue
LaHave.

On swept that noble river, the beautiful, the free,
Until its shining waters merged in the sounding sea ;
Itself a mimic ocean, where snowy sails were spread,
Whose depth gave back the shadows by barques at
anchor shed.

Its dimpled waves resounded to music from the bar,
As stalwart boatmen guided their skiffs from shore
to shore ;
The pleasant shore whose margin stoops gently down
to lave
Forever in the ripple of the beautiful LaHave.

How gracefully the shadows fall athwart the mellow air,
From quiet forests stretching on either headland there.
That grand old limner, Nature, with variegated dyes,
Had draped the quivering branches in robes of royal
guise ;
And duskely the fir trees shot up with spiral cone,
And gorgeous gleamed the maples with scarlet mantle on,
And sloping to the river they donned their vesture
brave
Beside the liquid mirror of the ever bright LaHave.

Miles, miles of rushing water! Forever grand and free,
On sweeps the mighty river down to the endless sea,
Fresh as when erst it bounded from God's creative hand,
A never-failing fountain to bless a lovely land.

It long has been a watcher with distant stars that shine,
Whose bright reflections glimmer from Acadia's forest
Rhine.

So long a voice and witness from the past's eternal
grave,
Unshadowed and unfettered, O glorious LaHave !

Chant not the waves a legend as they wander to the sea,
Of Micmac race which journeyed o'er her, like her
wild and free.

How their bright and glancing arrows o'er the shining
waters flew,

As they cut the dimpled billows in their fairy-like
canoe !

Did not bright Indian maidens bend down with eager
glance,

And braid their dusky tresses beside thy blue expanse ?
Did not the chieftain's wigwam shoot up from forest
glade,

And his war-song harsh awaken thy echoes, O LaHave !

Where are those dusky warriors? A failing, feeble band,
Wanderers and almost exiles in their own fatherland.

No longer curls the smoke-wreath from birchen tent
at eve,

No more the dark-browed maidens their mossy net-
work weave

Within thy pine-tree's shadow, O river of the west !

No longer doth the Micmac beside thy waters rest,

For tyrant voices drove him from the soil he sought
to save,

From the hunting ground of kindred beside the blue
LaHave.

And stranger tones have fallen where meet thy
drooping trees,

And foreign songs have lingered at evening on the
breeze.

Thy waves have caught the cadence, and seen the
merry glance,

Of peasant sons and daughters, from vine-clad La
Belle France.

And heard their ringing laughter, a sweet melodious
din,

Seen boddice, cap and kirtle, and beaded moccasin.

But the old regime is over, for time and conquest
gave

Acadia's soil to England, with thee, thou bright
LaHave.

And thus thou rollest ever, bright, peerless, uncon-
trolled,—

The peaceful sky above thee, around—the forest old,—
Stretching in vast magnificence on to the mighty sea ;
So beautiful in slumber, so grand in liberty,
So solemn and mysterious beneath the touch of night,
So gorgeous in thy raiment of glad effulgent light.
Bright loving type of freedom in Nature's temple nave,
Rejoicing Ocean's youngest born, thou beautiful
LaHave !

1859.

MAYFLOWERS.

BRIGHT children of the borderland,
'Mid spring and winter lying,
When snowy shroud and icy band
 Melt at the south-wind's sighing :
Glowing within the pine-tree's shade,
 The forest's loveliest spoil,
Gleaming like stars from mossy glade,
 Dear Mayflowers of our soil.

Ye come—and memory wanders back
 To years so long ago,
They seem like dream-land's shady track
 Through slumber's hazy glow,—

When we were young, and glad, and bright,
In childhood's morning hours,
With spirits all assoiled from blight,
Pure as the opening flowers.

How watched we then for noonday sun
To melt the snow away,
Where slumbering in their prison dun
The little Mayflowers lay.
Fresh rosy cheeks and laughing eyes,
With lighter hearts were ours,
And nature's blossoms veiled their dyes,
Near such fresh human flowers.

Fast flew each tireless footstep where
Brown hillocks girt the trees,
And young heads tossed their sunny hair
In gladness to the breeze,
And little hands with eager grasp,
Out from their glossy leaves,
The flowers plucked with triumph clasp,
As reapers with the sheaves.

O tiny cups of sea-shell hue,
So delicately rare,
Your rose-light beauty ever new
By silvery whiteness fair.
Oh ! what are you, and what are we,
That thus our fate should sever,
That our worn hearts should faded be
While you are fresh as ever ?

Why speak ye with such thrilling tone,
To quicken memory thus,
Of sunny hours forever gone
To weary things like us?
Why must we change with sin and time,
Fade, falter and despair,
While you are in your vernal prime,
Forever pure and fair?

We know, because this earth of ours,
With nature, kindred owns;
Which every year sends forth its flowers,
To spring's rejoicing tones.
So human flowers round hearthstone dear,
Each year renew our race,
And little children everywhere
Have happy dwelling place.

For them the Mayflower bloometh still—
As sweetly as of yore—
While they our homes with gladness fill,
Life's flowers fresh and pure.
Blossoms and buds of living light,
They cluster round each hearth,
And little children, blessed sight,
Make spring-time still on earth.

May, 1859.

SAILING.

Away upon the waters, like a thing of life she flies,
Her white sails glistening bravely in the sunlight's
golden eyes,
As graceful as a falcon, her name-sake of the air,
She gaily floats and dallies with the south wind
whispering there.
The white spray dashes round her, as she cuts the
curling waves
Which rise in scorn to meet her, but sink back her
fallen slaves ;
And buoyant as a nautilus, and trim and taut for sea,
She bears her joyous inmates o'er the waves right
merrily ;
Passing by wharf and warehouse, by the city's murky
strand,
Where tall and shapely forests of masts and cross-trees
stand ;
Up through the sunny waters where the dimpled
Basin lies,
And the sun-beam, like a lover, lives in his lady's eyes.
There the land so green and pleasant, slopes up on
either side,
And the trees cast graceful shadows athwart the
rippling tide.

Upward we glance along the shore, where each fair
hill is crowned
With summer's freshest verdure, like a mantle thrown
around ;
Gardens and homes of beauty laugh gaily in the sun,
The south wind bears us perfume from scented
hay-fields won.
Our boat is bounding outward, to the harbour's broad
expanse,
She rides upon the billows light as fairy in a dance.
We near the turf-clad island, like a lovely emerald set
Among the sparkling waters, where the elements
have met.
We pass the silent fortress,—long may it silent stand
A quiet guardian watching a peaceful, happy land !
The waves are battling fiercely, and dash their angry
spray,
But our brave barque goes gaily and proudly on
her way :
Now down into a valley where the sea is palely green,
And ocean Peris gather beneath the glistening sheen ;
Now up the foaming hill-side, by giant billow made,
Where white foam laughs in anger, and makes us
half afraid.
Her fair sails spread in beauty, and gleaming in
the light,
Behold the mimic tempest and revel in the sight ;

When lo ! the strife is over—peace stealeth like a charm,
Her keel has touched the waters of the lovely North-West Arm ;
And there in gentle dalliance the wave and wind are seen,
As loath to break the quiet of that pleasant sylvan scene.
The sun is gently sinking to slumber in the west,
And rosy clouds droop downward to kiss the ocean's breast ;
Rich robes of gold and purple have draped the evening sky,
And crimson light has folded the battlements on high
Light pleasure-yachts float round us, bright children of the sea,
A fisher's boat is plying its task right earnestly ;
We see on either headland fair homesteads in the sun,
And list to merry voices of those whose toil is done.
Light floating robes are gleaming amid the forest trees,
And strains of gentle music are borne upon the breeze,
Till even Melville's prison, upon its lonely isle,
Appears to lose its shadow and wear a hopeful smile.
The wind is hushed to slumber, a gentle silence falls,
With wondrous beauty hallowed from those fair sunset halls ;

No ripple stirs the water, it lies in rosy calm,
The sea forgets to struggle in this its quiet Arm.
Too long our barque hath lingered ! there floats a
purple gloom,
Where late the glassy surface mirrored rich clouds of
bloom ;
The lazy sails lie idle until our commodore
The useless helm forsaking, lays hold upon the oar.
A few swift strokes of power—she followeth to his
lead,
As though she knew her master, and helped him in
his need.
We pass from out the shadow of the green and
pleasant shore,
The breeze hath touched the white sails and lifted
them once more ;
Again we skim the billows, and o'er them gaily glide,
Adown the sluggish current, and past the rushing
tide ;
And now the sky is mellow with evening's softest blue,
And radiant stars like angel's eyes shine in the ether
through ;
The infant moon is sleeping like a silver thread on high,
A fairy crescent hanging upon the western sky.
So delicately beautiful all things in sky and air,
The spirit floats in rapture as we fondly linger there ;

Till the night has closed around us,—our barque is by
the shore,
And the land receives her children to her quiet breast
once more.
Yet lingering eyes look backward as if fain they still
would be
Where the stars cast golden glances on the blue
and restless sea.

September 1st, 1859.

FOR THE NEW YEAR

UNDER the draw-bridge, over the sea,
Flowing from time to eternity,
Two freighted barques have in passing met,
Their colours glistening, their sails all set.
One slowly moves with a solemn sound,
The mournful sweep of the outward bound ;
The other cuts through the silver foam,
Joyously seeking its mortal home.

We see the crews as they onward glide,
Alike three hundred and sixty-five :
Strange mysteries lie in the hands of each,
Of mortal action and mortal speech.

The record of one, sad Memory holds,
Hope for the other the scroll unfolds ;
Pages whose register Time must scan,
Heirlooms, and issues of life for man.

Only a passage of passing years,
Under the draw-bridge the ocean hears ;
Only the fall of a sand of time ;
Only a New Year's herald chime.
Nothing startling and nothing strange
In Time's immediate and usual change ;
Nothing—yet stay, can we idle here
Between the parting and coming year ?

One has the graves of our household dead,
The prayers we offered, the tears we shed ;
Our fierce temptations and overthrow,
As we weakly yielded to wily foe ;
The bitter sorrow, the galling pain
Of toil and trial alike in vain ;
Our wasted powers, our days of sin,
Soiling the raiment we sought to win.

The other—Oh God ! we are trembling here,
Watching Thy gift of the coming year :
Humble and helpless we waiting stand
Before the door of this promised land.

O lift the latch of the opening year
And walk beside us in blessing there.
So shall we find us over the sea,
Under the draw-bridge, at home with Thee.

1860.

ABEL.

“ The Noble Army of Martyrs praise Thee !”

HE walked adown the fragrant field—
The flowers were young, like him,—
He watched the trees their fruitage yield
From every burdened limb.
But Eden’s voices filled his ear,
And Eden’s land was strangely dear,
Although its light was dim.
Faith opened to his longing eyes
A better, holier Paradise ;

Whose every street like jasper glows,
Set round with many a gem ;
While gates of pearl that land enclose,—
The new Jerusalem !

Where angels and archangels dwell,
Seeing the King invisible,
Whose glorious diadem
Reflects on earth the changeless love
Which fills and brightens heaven above.

This land of promise Abel saw ;
His prophet lips were dumb ;
For type, and testament, and law,
Were shadows yet to come.
Man fallen from his glorious height
Into sin's curse and death's dark night,
Has no release therefrom,
Until the woman's promised seed
At last should bruise the serpent's head.

Greenly the quiet meadows spread,
The south-wind murmured by,
The palm-tree bent its stately head
To hear the melody.
Where rivers wandered cool and deep,
The gentle Abel kept his sheep
Beneath the glowing sky,
Whose morning stars, with joyous hymn,
Sang praises with the Cherubim.

Without the gate—beyond the sword,
Whose blade of living flame
Shone like the presence of the Lord,
As erst in wrath he came—
Beneath the changeless firmament,
The humble patriarch raised his tent,
And calling on the name
Of the great Father in the skies,
He meekly offered sacrifice.

We know not how his soul was taught,
Whether by voice or sign,
Or vision by an angel brought,
He learned of things divine.
Enough,—with fire and blood of beast,
He stood the first accepted priest
Before an altar shrine ;
And shadowed forth by pain and blood
The offering of the Son of God.

Cain's envious heart and sullen face
Rebelled at God's decree.
In these first fathers of our race,
Our prototypes we see :

The one obedient to God's will,
In loving trust leads upward still,
At last, O Lord, to Thee ;
The other full of pride and sin,
Can never help or pardon win.

Thus Cain despised meek Abel's faith,
Despised the offering given,
Whose incense, like absolving breath,
Ascended up to heaven.
Cain brought his tribute from the field ;
The bloodless fruits no incense yield,
No smoke is upward driven.
The sacrifice was false and vain,
As hatred filled the heart of Cain.

Our God accepts no evil gift.
Up from the smoking sod,
Cain dared in bitterness to lift
His heart against his God.
Silenced, not humbled, by the voice
That justified Jehovah's choice,
He sought his brother's blood.
Where altar ashes strewed the way,
The gentle Abel murdered lay.

A king—for earth was his by right—
A prophet from the Lord,
Who walked by faith and not by sight
Before the written Word ;
A priest, the first of all the race
Who stood within the holy place,
And there an offering poured ;
A martyr, first of all who stand,
Redeemed from death at God's right hand.

1860.

THE HUNGARIAN.

[The *Hungarian*, belonging to the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company, left Liverpool for Portland, U. S. A., on the 5th February, 1860, with about two hundred persons. On the 19th, she was discovered on shore at Cape Ledge, part of Cape Sable, Nova Scotia. She was an utter wreck, and not one had survived of all those who had been on board. Only three bodies were recovered.]

Down in the sullen waters,
Below the angry waves,
Amid the muffled thunder
Of Ocean's haunted caves ;
Beneath the hollow breakers,
In rust and seaweed dressed,
The noble ship is lying
A broken wreck at rest.

Alone in liquid darkness,
The waters like a pall
Shroud all her decks and bulwarks,
Her spars and masts so tall ;
Alone, as in the coffin
Beneath the church-yard mould,
And silent as the sleeper
That lies within its hold.

And yet within that prison,
Erect, in life-like guise,
Stand forms of fleshly semblance,
With dumb and stoney eyes.
Strangely those pallid faces
Gleam on the wave-worn deck—
A ghastly band of watchers,
To guard that lonely wreck.

No voice or sound among them,
And yet those lips have smiled
In many a happy household,
By song and speech beguiled.
A strange and awful silence
Lies like a funeral pall,
For Death, the mighty soother,
Had stilled the hearts of all.

Fair women, gay and graceful,
Glad children, home's dear crown,
With eager manhood's vigour,
In that wrecked ship went down ;
All full of hope and promise,
With life's fee-simple blessed,
Low in those troubled waters
Have hushed their dreams to rest.

All down amid the sea-rift,
In cabin or in hold,
Rocked by the restless current,
Dead, desolate and cold,—
There is no church-yard slumber,
Where mourning friends may weep,
Or plant memorial monument
Above their quiet sleep.

Only the lonely diver
Has met them face to face,
And through that wall of darkness
Beheld their resting place.
He saw those ghastly phantoms,
With glance of awe-struck dread,
Alone in that strange prison,
The living with the dead.

Up from that waste of waters,
By strength which skill applies,
With all her motley cargo,
That gallant ship may rise ;
But never from their slumber
Within that liquid plain,
Those silent forms shall waken
To stand on earth again.

Yet, when the dread Evangel
Shall sound from shore to shore,
And, with the shrivelled elements,
The sea shall be no more ;
Then, at the wakening summons,
Within the judgment land,
Amid the countless multitude,
Each in his place shall stand.

1860.

WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ACADIA, with united voice,
Send forth the loud huzza !
With cheers of loving welcome greet
The Prince of Wales to-day.
Ring out a full and festal chime
From every greenwood dell ;
Peal the loud echo of delight
From tower and citadel !
He comes, old England's royal prince,
To tread this land of ours ;
Then welcome him with loyal hearts,
And strew his path with flowers !
Our sovereign lady's first-born son,
The heir to Britain's throne—
A blessing for his mother's sake,
A welcome for his own !

Shake out your banners, pine-clad hills,
The beautiful, the free ;
Put on thy queenly raiment Earth,
In forest, field and lea !

Let all in robes of festal guise,
To meet our Prince advance ;
He comes to-day, the people's guest,
To his inheritance.
Out from his glorious fatherland,
We British freemen came
To cherish in America
Our fealty still the same.
With one united heart and voice
Be now our homage shown ;
A blessing for his mother's sake,
A welcome for his own !

A blessing on our noble Queen
For this most royal grace,
That we upon colonial soil
Should see the Prince's face !
Pay her our grateful thanks through him,
Our monarch yet to be,
The love which happy subjects give,
Whose dower is Liberty !
We have no old ancestral deeds,
The knightly blood to stir,
But we have hearts to serve our Queen,
And reverent love for her :

While over him, her princely son,
Be still this *Ægis* thrown—
A blessing for his mother's sake,
A welcome for his own !

Then lift the red-cross banner up
Beneath our forest trees,
And float its honoured folds in pride
Out on the freshening breeze !
With loud acclaim, and glad huzzas,
Our loyal joy evince ;
With Freedom's voice of homage leal,
Salute your youthful prince !
Of kingly race, in kingly guise,
Most graciously he comes,
Forever by this royal deed,
To fill our hearts and homes
With hope, with love, with prayers for him
That God may guard his throne—
A blessing for his mother's sake,
A welcome for his own !

July, 1860.

1776 AND 1860.

WHEN England, arrogant and proud, ruled with a
stubborn hand
The vast possessions of her crown on cis-Atlantic
strand,
The young, fair daughter of the West, in independent
pride,
Chafed at the parent rule imposed, and cast the yoke
aside ;
Till England's king and government were trampled
down in hate,
And those who honoured both were held disloyal to
the State.

Where the old Church of Trinity looks upward to the
sky,
He who dispensed God's holy things maintained his
loyalty ; *
And in the grand old liturgy which England's
martyrs gave,
He day by day besought his God the good King
George to save.

* Rev. Charles Inglis, Rector of Trinity Church, New York, and afterwards Bishop of Nova Scotia.

A righteous prayer ; but democrats no longer paid
such vow,—

Men called them rebels in that day, we term them
patriots now.

To awe the pastor's heart, and thus his loyal prayer
restrain,

The sacred aisles of Trinity rang with an arméd train.
Bold as a lion, true as steel, before each glistening gun,
Still for his sovereign lord he prayed, as God's
anointed one.

But none can, single-handed, long the public voice
defy ;

If might was right, the right prevailed, and he was
forced to fly.

Up from that ancient church, has gone full many an
earnest prayer,

But never since for crownéd head has one ascended
there.

Years have gone by, since bold and free, Columbia
stood alone,

And stars-and-stripes ran up where once the faméd
red-cross shone ;

The olden wrongs and ancient feuds the dim expanse
still spanned,

Nor would the sullen child forgive the stern old
Motherland ;

Until within this year of grace from many a city fair,
As with one voice the Union rose to welcome
 Britain's heir,—
A bannered glory streamed around, pealed out the
 herald gun,
And from a nation's heart went up “God bless
 Victoria's son !”
He came a fair and royal prince, in boyhood's winning
 guise,
Youth's innocence upon his brow, truth in his Saxon
 eyes ;
And as he passed, an honoured guest, together and
 apart
They blessed him for his mother's sake, with generous,
 reverent heart.
Not one remembered then the wrong his grandsire's
 misrule shed,
His peerless mother's spotless life absolved the royal
 dead ;
And as the pageant passed along, all through the
 brilliant scene,
The joyous bells of Trinity* rang out “God save the
 Queen !”

* As the Prince of Wales passed through Broadway, the bells of Trinity Church played “God Save the Queen.” On the following Sunday, when the Prince attended divine

So when within that honoured church, amid its
hallowed things,
The heir of England humbly knelt before the King of
Kings ;
Then as the echoes died away of swelling hymn and
prayer,
Of holy word and spoken truth, upon the listening
air,—
Once more from those encircling walls that held the
brave and free, .
A prayer ascended up to God for England's Majesty.
People and priest together knelt, and prayed that
Heaven might smile
On Britain's Queen, on Britain's heir, and Britain's
Mother Isle.
No arméd train, no stern decree, forbade the prayer
to rise ;
In those few suppliant words went up a Nation's
sacrifice.
Dear to the Empire of the West, henceforth shall
ever be
Victoria and Victoria's son, despite their royalty.

service, in that church, the officiating Bishop in concluding
his sermon prayed for the Queen of England, her family, and
dominion.

God's blessing on each noble land, the pillars of the earth,
Kindred in glorious enterprise, in language, and in birth ;
Long, long may "Hail Columbia!" sound from England's valleys green,
And long may great America reply, "God save the Queen!"

December 10th, 1860.



[FROM THE GERMAN.]

"WHAT do I hear without the gate,
Up from the bridge resounding ?
Within my palace I await,
The song its walls surrounding."
The king commands. With buoyant spring,
The page obeys the mandate : " Bring
The grey-haired minstrel hither."

"God save you, noble gentlemen !
God bless you, lovely ladies !
With what bright stars for singer's ken
This bright, full heaven arrayed is !
Who knows their names ? The sweet, the tender,
Fair palace full of stately splendour ;
Eyes close yourselves in wonder !"

Softly the minstrel closed his eyes,
And struck a sweet, full measure ;
The knights with kindling glance arise,
The fair ones blush with pleasure.
The King, enraptured with the strain,
Commanded that a golden chain
Be given to the player.

“ The golden chain give not to me ;
Its shining links deliver
To those brave knights whose chivalry
The foemen’s lances shiver,
Or to thy Chancellor of State ;
But do not let the golden weight
Be laid on me as burden.

“ I sing as sings the tuneful bird
That in the branches liveth ;
The song, which from my soul is heard,
Its own rich guerdon giveth.
Yet if one favour may be mine,
Give me a draught of precious wine
In flashing golden goblet.

“ I pledge you in this cup of bliss,
O draught so sweet and pleasant ;
Hail, favoured house ! where wine like this
Is held a simple present.

If ye fare well, then think of me,
And thank your God as gratefully
As I this draught acknowledge."

1860.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

LITTLE child alone at play
On this happy Christmas day,
Looking up with wondering eyes
At each fresh and fair surprise,
Curious toy, and sweetmeat store,
Puzzling game, and pictured lore,
Dreams by night, and hopes by day,
In their beautiful array,—
Here are gathered in thy hand,
Gifts like wealth of fairy-land.

As I watch thee, bygone years
Rise before me, dim with tears ;
Through the shadowy mist I see
Brighter eyes than thine may be,
Looking up with laughing pleasure
At the new-found Christmas treasure ;

Still I see the golden hair
Gleaming in the sunshine fair,
Rose-lit cheeks of changeful hue
Lighting up sweet eyes of blue,
Ringing laughter, sunny smiles,
Joyous accents, winning wiles,
Little feet, whose echoes start
Every fibre of my heart.

Low in dust that golden head
Lies among the silent dead ;
Little heart and feet are still
In the churchyard's chambers chill.
Autumn's rain and winter's snow,
Spring's young verdure, summer's glow,
We have wept and suffered here,
Desolate for many a year ;
Stricken ones, with tendrils broken,
Mute, for God alone has spoken :
Little thing in life's great part—
Loss how large in home and heart.

God be thanked, that through His name
Who to-day as Saviour came,
We our little one behold
Standing by the sea of gold ;

Where such shining angels see
Their Father's face continually.
We must toil and suffer still,
Working out our Master's will.
Ours the sin, the pain, the loss ;
Hers the crown without the cross.
To that little hand committed,
Sweetly sounding harp is fitted.
Even now to us is given,
Down the starry slope of heaven,
Whispers from the golden key
Touched by faith and memory,
Strains of hope the soul to stir,
"We at last may go to her!"

1861.

THE QUEEN.

SHE stood before her people,
And bent her young, fair head ;
The golden crown was lifted,
Anointing incense shed.
She seemed so young and fragile
To hold the guiding helm,
And sway the ancient sceptre
Of Britain's mighty realm :

So lofty, yet so lonely,
A gentle, timid girl ;
Though round her stood as vanguard
Proud knight and belted earl !
As promise of her glory
Shone through her gracious mien ;
More prayed, “ God bless the maiden ! ”
Than “ God exalt the Queen ! ”

She knelt before her people,
Beside the altar rail,
Pure in her early womanhood,
Beneath her bridal veil.
Her voice rang clear and steadfast
Throughout God’s house that day,
As she gave her loyal promise
To honour and obey.
Not now as England’s sovereign,
Queen of the wise and brave ;
A trusting woman only,
Her wifely homage gave.
And as they saw her kneeling,
Her husband by her side,
While thousands cried, “ God save the Queen ! ”
More prayed, “ God bless the bride ! ”

She dwelt among her people,
And joy went through the land,
To see her royal children
Hold fast their mother's hand :
Daughters and sons of beauty,
Fair children of the Isles,
A happy home their birthright,
Pure life, and parent smiles.
They saw her girt with blessings,
As queens are seldom blessed ;
Her noble, loving husband
At once her strength and rest.
They knew her bless'd and honoured,
In that dear household scene,
A happy wife and mother,
A great and glorious Queen.

With health and wealth replenished,
God gave her long to live ;
His hand for many a lustre
Was opened oft to give.
She saw her kingdom prosper
In arms, in peace, at home,
Within her distant colonies,
And where the white waves foam.

The triumph of the sovereign
Whose fame the spirit stirs,
The blessings of the woman,
In double share were hers.
Her people saw such glory
As England ne'er had seen ;
And more as boast, than humble prayer,
Cried out, " God save the Queen ! "

She weeps among her people,
Her staff is broken now ;
The lover of her girlhood,
The husband of her vow,
Is lying cold and silent
In a vaulted chamber dim :
Victoria sits a widow
Disconsolate for him.
Her people weep around her
In grief which love redeems ;
For dearer in her sorrow
Their royal lady seems.
Like her they sit in sackcloth,
Like her they kneel and pray,
And humbly own that He who gave,
Can also take away.

From hearthstone, home, and altar,
Where angels downward lean,
A Nation's bleeding heart implores
"God's comfort for our Queen!"

January 14th, 1862.

SIR JOHN INGLIS.

DIED AT HAMBURG, SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1862.

FROM India's hills of purple light
Where Lucknow wailing lies,
Along vast leagues of landscape bright,
Up through those glowing skies ;
On—from the fair Ionian Isles,
Across the broad blue Rhine,
Over the wild seas lengthening miles,
To England's household shrine ;
As echoes of the funeral drums,
Struck by Fame's mighty hand,
A long low wail of sorrow comes
To Nova Scotia's land,
For him, our hero lying low
Where sweeps the German sea,
Beside whose calm eternal flow,
Hot tears drop silently,

Where green turf wraps the soldier's bed
In life's full noon-day sun,—
Tears for the great and silent dead
Whose battle day is done.
Low sweeps the wild and mournful wail,
Where stately pine trees stand,
And yellow leaves chant autumn's tale,
Adown his boyhood's land ;
Here, where his free, exulting youth
Passed like a summer's day,—
Here, where in sight of manhood's ruth
He put those dreams away ;
We see him first in soldier guise
The stripling of the fold,
Sunning himself in beauty's eyes
As knight in days of old.
Anon—the call to battle comes ;
Long leagues beyond the sea
Rolls up the sound of martial drums
From Afghan's tented lea.
Among the brave, he bore him well,
His maiden spurs were won,
Where his full crown of glory fell,
Beneath an Indian sun.

What lips are dumb, what hearts are calm,
When Lucknow's name is heard ?
Where victor's crown and martyr's palm
Blent, while the trumpets stirred.
Strange, savage hordes, around, beneath ;
Within—life's worst despair :
Through seige and famine, fear and death,
He stood a hero there ;
Strengthening the fainting and the weak,
Rousing the brave and strong,
With dauntless heart, but pallid cheek,
As rescue tarried long.
The free, brave spirit, nurtured here,
Upon our Mayflower sod,
The first to strike, the last to fear,
Firm in its trust in God ;
Came forth the victor in the strife
That made earth's pulses quail,
Giving to Glory's volumed life,
Immortal Lucknow's tale.
He came, but not as conquerors great,
The cup with crested brim ;
He bore the burden and the heat,
The rest was not for him.

The suffering soul shrank from the strain,
As bow too harshly bent ;
Sunset met noonday on life's plain,
And left a silent tent.
Beside his post obedient found,
He did his Master's will,
But when the morning watch caine round,
The guard slept on the hill.
The snow-white banner in his hand
The cross upon his breast,
Far from his boyhood's happy land,
Our hero went to rest.
The good fight fought, the battle won,
He laid his weapons down,
Passed from the shadow to the sun,
To wear the victor's crown.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. J. J. R.

AUTUMN's wailing voices stir
Summer time of life with her,
Like a flower whose leaves of light
Wither by untimely blight,
Like a star serene and high
Swept in sorrow from the sky,
Like a harp by anthem stirred,
Hushed while yet the chant was heard ;
She who knew Love's mightiest power
Drooped and faded in an hour.

Drooped before her work was done,—
Threads by noiseless fingers spun
Drew her homeward day by day,
Ripening as she passed away.
We who loved her, blindly thought,
As we saw the work she wrought,
What her hand had found to do,
She till sunset should pursue,
Knowing not that in the race
She had neared the resting-place.

Patient, gentle, pure and wise,
Rich in life's sweet charities,

Firm in duty, meek in heart,
Her's was long the better part ;
And her light so shone around,
Widening out from home's dear ground,
Through the church, beyond the fold,
Answering as her Lord foretold—
City set upon a hill,
Light, and guide, and witness still.

All her work is over now,—
Mother guidance, wifely vow,
Loving helpmeet, gentle friend,
Faithful, tireless to the end.
Here to blinded, weeping eyes,
All her work unfinished lies ;
Broken threads in duty's loom,
Trust abandoned, light in gloom,
Harvest white with drooping grain,
Reaper silent on the plain.

Through the dark, forsaken street,
Mourners pass with weary feet,
Those whose lives with her's were blent,
Droop beside her silent tent ;
Little children weeping wait
In her home so desolate ;

Crushed before Love's broken ties,
Hearts yield bleeding sacrifice.
Here sad thoughts of sorrow stir
All our memory of her.

Hands that wrought her Master's will,
Now the golden harp-strings thrill ;
Feet turned homeward evermore,
Stand upon the jasper floor ;
Eyes so often raised in prayer,
See the King in beauty there ;
Lips that told His praises long,
Sing the firstborn's triumph song ;
While that pale and saint-like brow
Wears a crown of glory now.

Crucified on sorrow's cross,
Ours the agony and loss ;
Hearts that plead "Thy will be done,"
Seeking strength from God's dear Son.
Her's the early gathering in
From a world of death and sin,
To the Master's promised land
Where the white-robed conquerors stand ;
Safe beside the crystal river,
With our Lord's redeemed for ever.

November 1st, 1862.

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT.

[PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.]

THROUGH the oak forest,
The wild wind is crushing ;
Over the dark sky,
The storm clouds are rushing :
Sits on the green bank the maiden alone,
Watching the river where fierce waves are dashing
Into foam clusters, the swift current lashing.
Sad is the echo, but sadder her moan,
As out in the dark night alone she is lying,
Eyes heavy with weeping, heart weary with sighing.

Out in the darkness,
Alone by the river,
Sighs the bruised spirit,
Restless forever :
“ Dead lies my heart in a desolate form ;
Sad world, how weary and lonely I find thee,
Withered and wasted the hopes that entwined thee.
Holiest, shelter Thy child from the storm ;
Call her back from the earth, all its bliss she hath
tasted ;
She hath lived, she hath loved, and the treasure is
wasted.”

Soft through the shadows,
Sweet answer descended,
As when the storm-cloud
And sunshine have blended,—
“ Sorrow no longer, in vain thy tears fall ;
Say what shall comfort thy desolate spirit ?
She who loves much, shall the blessing inherit ;
The Helper will hearken and answer thy call ;
Heaven garners up hope for the desolate-hearted ;
Then what shall console, if love has departed ?

“ Stay not the current,
Though idly it fall,
Tears cannot weaken
Fond memory's thrall ;
It may be the dead will not wake at their touch.
Though the loved one afar in the cold grave is sleeping,
Silent to passion and deaf to thy weeping,
The heart that hath loved and lamented so much
For the true love departed, the crushed life left
lonely,
Finds balm for its anguish in memory only.”

April, 1863.

“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”

Hebrews, iv. 9.

IN the beginning, God’s creative hand
Touched the void earth, and brooding darkness
stirred ;
Light, like His smile, the shapeless fabric spanned,
And sea and sky were parted at His word.
To rule the day, above the severing bars
He set the Sun—great source of life and light,
And hung the new-born firmament with stars,
Around the queenly Moon, to guard the night.
Then giant trees looked up in glorious green,
And stately rivers wandered to the sea ;
Sweet flowers awoke, all wet with dewy sheen,
Where stream and fountain fell melodiously ;
Beauty sat crowned in Nature’s solitude,
And God pronounced His fair creation good.

Where the bright waters sparkled in the breeze,
Life in exuberance, rejoicing came ;
Birds of rich plumage glittered in the trees,
And insects gleamed like shafts of coloured flame.

Where cattle wandered on a thousand hills,
Green waved the grass, and sunny meadows rolled ;
Fair as the pastures and the crystal rills
Saints in the city of our God behold :
For earth lay then unstained by sin or age,
And Time unclasped a pure, unwritten page.

Five days had morning touched the joyous earth,
Five days had evening sang its holy psalm ;
But only angels watched the radiant birth,
And only sweet winds stirred the rosy calm.
But now within the green Earth's glorious nave,
Made in God's image, visioned from above,
Creation's crown the great Creator gave,
Man in his strength and woman in her love—
The noblest seal on Nature's heritage ;
Where all was fair these stood the fairest still.
God closed the book upon the unwritten page,
His six days work had wrought His sovereign will,
And Sabbath rest sloped down His golden way,
Who ceased from labour on the seventh day.

This fair Creation stained its sinless crown—
With man's lost innocence the earth was cursed,
When from His throne the Son of God looked down,
He of the many crowns, the Last, the First ;

Death like a wasting blight had entered in—
Where love once dwelt, rebellion reigned supreme.
God's wrath was kindled at the creature's sin ;
Who but the great Creator could redeem ?
Where Justice drew her sword of living flame,
Man, once God's image, lay beneath His ban.
To save the lost, a gracious Saviour came,
Clad in the likeness of the Son of Man ;
Our feeble nature's weary load to share,
Our grief to lighten, and our sin to bear.

He stilled the cruel waves of pain and death,
Unloosed the chain and let the dumb go free,
Until Creation trembled at His breath,
Which hushed the tempest, cursed the barren tree.
He hungered in the desert land for us,
He wept and prayed—forsaken and alone,
Carried our griefs and bore our sorrows thus,
To bring us faultless to His Father's throne.
So laid His crown of majesty aside,
That we with Him forever might abide.

All things that wound and break the tender heart,
Were laid on Him—by Him in meekness borne.
Satan and sin essayed their darkest part,
Temptation, falsehood, weariness, and scorn,

Until the wine-press of God's wrath he trode,
A spotless Lamb, a meek and patient Son.
His human nature sank beneath the load,
His Godhead answered still, Thy will be done !
And thus obedient to His cruel doom,
Upon the cross He thirsted, prayed and died ;
And weeping mourners laid within the tomb,
The piercéd body of the Crucified.
At last Christ rested, bringing Eden near,
His work was done, His Sabbath time was here.

The day will come when we shall rest with Him.
Here, on the earth once hallowed by His tread,
When love and sorrow in the silence dim
Hush the worn heart and droop the weary head,
Still doth the Spirit watch and strive with man,
A gracious comforter and guide to all ;
Its dove-like wings the eternal oceau span,
Its gentle touch unloosens sorrow's thrall,
A still small voice—a cloven tongue of fire,
To each in measure, at the soul's desire.

Where God created, and where Christ redeemed,
The Spirit warns, persuades and sanctifies,
Whispering sweet words which fancy never dreamed,
Unheard by pride, unseen by faithless eyes ;

Its griev'd love is often turned aside,
Where wrath prevails and bitterness is found.
Yet ever watching, waiting to abide
With lowly hearts where humble prayers abound,
A shining light where leads the narrow way,
A star of promise in our darkest day.

The time will come when hope shall fade in sight,
When we shall stand as conquerors from the strife ;
At last within the golden streets of light,
When death is swallowed up in endless life :
Then shall the Spirit cease to strive, and rest
With God in glory, with the Lamb in love,
While we, the wanderers, gathered home and blest,
The King in beauty shall behold above.
Creation's rest was broken by man's sin,
Redemption's rest has suffered by our shame,
But when the kingdom we have entered in,
The Spirit's smile, the Saviour's home to claim,
This glorious Sabbath waits on God's behest,
Christ's perfect love in our eternal rest.

April, 1863.

THE TWO MUSES.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK.]

O tell me, see I not in destiny
A noble combat in the future rise,
When Britain's muse with Germany's shall vie
To win the crown of fair, immortal prize ?

I saw the race-course, and my glance was lost
Where each proud goal was bounded from the sight,
Oak-groves o'ershadowed one on Britain's coast,
Palm trees the other girt in evening's light.

With pride the queenly muse from Albion came,
Still crowned with glowing laurels erewhile won
In the hot conflict with Mæonian flame,
And where Rome's capitol flashed back the sun.

They saw the young aspiring champion stand,
All flushed with eagerness the prize to wear ;
Her crimson cheek the breath of glory fanned,
And touched with light her waves of golden hair.

Keen for the race, in her rebellious breast
The swift breath panted as she forward bent.
How flashed her eyes with vehement unrest,
As air, by trumpet blast, the herald rent. !

Prepared for combat, proud, with valiant glance,
Uprose the German champion Thuiskone,
And like some knight of chivalrous romance,
Took up the gauntlet with defiant tone.



“ Ay, by my beard, ere thou in oak grove played,
I stood alone, nor ever heard of thee ;
Forgive, proud muse, immortally arrayed,
That here to-day thou first art known to me.

“ So stand we by the goal to win the crown :
In the proud silence of thy glance I read
The fiery soul ambitious of renown,
The courage calm to dare a glorious deed.

“ Yet weigh not these with me—I who now stand
The first time now companioned with thee,
Have I not swept the course with kingly hand,
And plucked the crown from old Thermopylæ ?”

So spake the stern old muse in conscious pride ;
 Yet as the herald sounded nearer, turned
And gazed with glance of love intensified
 On his young rival, till each flushed cheek burned.

And tender thoughts, of admiration born,
 Broke from each lip, kindred in thought and soul :
“ I love thee Britain in thy blushing morn,”
 “ I love thee Teutona ”—the twain were whole.

Then said the elder, “ Lo, before thee lies
 An immortality ; stretch forth and grasp
The palm of glory as the eternal prize,
 And I will strive with thee the crown to clasp.

“ I tremble lest thy daring foot should win
 First the high goal, so long my glorious dream.
But go, and if thou first shouldst enter in,
 Breath on my tresses as they loosely stream.”

The herald blew—they closed with eager speed.
 I saw the race-ground smoke—a clouded floor ;
On past the old oak groves their courses lead,
 Dark rose the billowy dust—I saw no more.

June, 1863.

MUTE.

WHERE scented Linneas shiver
Adown the green wood's belt,
And winds the sunny river,
A child of silence dwelt ;
Deaf to the tenderest pleading
A mother's voice can own,
Dumb to God's interceding,
A living human stone ;
Mute to each sweet emotion,
A dead leaf on life's tree,
Lost in its mighty ocean,
Wrecked for eternity.
The Master's servants found her,
Her hushed lips made no sign,
But God's compassion round her
Lifted a shield divine.
From valley, hill, or river,
They brought the wanderer in,
Where love toiled to deliver,
The soul from chains of sin,
Until the darkened casement
Let in the light from heaven,
On gloom of earth's debasement
And healed its evil leaven.

Her deaf heart heard the story
 Of Him whose touch restored ;
Her dumb soul learned the glory
 Of Christ, the living Lord.
Led by His grace and spirit,
 Ere half life's day was done,
God called her to inherit
 The Kingdom of His Son ;
There with the saints forever,
 The crowned and the strong,
Beside the crystal river,
 She sings the first-born's song.

February, 1864.

SEPARATED.

THEY stood within the window,
 The light fell on her hair,
Touching with sunset beauty a face that once was fair ;
 Now saint-like in its patience,
 As lifted up to him,
Her sweet lips paled and trembled, her dove-like eyes
 grew dim.
 He watched the sunlight dying,
 Upon that gentle face,
With glances cold and careless, though veiled by
 courteous grace.

His was the pride of manhood,
The vintage of life prime ;
Hers was the harvest beauty, silvered by pain and
time.
Once they had stood together
In spring-time's tender gloom,
When hope brought crimson blossoms and soft lips
touched their bloom ;
Then passionate in pleading,
His voice her heart had stirred
With many a loving promise, and many a tender word.
Now, like the sun whose glory
Has touched the lofty trees,
And left the lowly flower to shadow and to breeze,—
So had his love passed over,
His hand had reached the gate
Of promise, while she stood without to suffer and to
wait.
It was the old, old story,
Since Eden's early day
When woman's doom resounded adown her exile way.
Her own desire was patient
Through years of pain and doubt ;
Her love was true and faithful, but his had faded out.
Through years of expectation
One hope upheld her heart,
She served a patient Rachael, to earn a Leah's part.

Now with that quick, true instinct
Which only love can know,
She saw her dream was ended, and calmly told him so.
God help her in her anguish,
Forgive her if she erred,
Stilling her heart's fierce beating by hope's delusive
word ;
Clinging as only woman
Clings to her early faith,
All change and chance denying by trust as life in death.
She watched his bent face closely,
As thus she gave him up,
Pressing life's purple cluster to poison in life's cup.
She watched as watch the drowning
The green slopes on the shore,
She watched as watched the dying, eyes they shall see
no more ;
Then with the heart's true prescience,
Learned more through love than grief,
She saw his face lose shadow in sunshine of relief.
No need for further question,
That look his heart laid bare ;
She sought not word nor answer, but read her sentence
there.
Only a sudden shiver,
A shrinking from his side,
And on her face the sunshine in gray, cold shadow died.

She hushed his low remonstrance,
And crushing back her pain,
Held out the hand that never should rest in his again,
Nor smooth with soft caresses
His dark hair's silken wave.
Its soft and silent pressure, farewell and blessing gave.
Then through the vine-clad lattice,
Into the falling night,
As one whose bonds are broken, he parted from her
sight.
His—life in all its fullness ;
Hers—woman's weary part,
To die of earth's worst famine, the hunger of the heart.

1865.

THE "ATLANTIC."

APRIL 1ST, 1873.

THE long, dull shadows deepened upon the murky sky ;
The density of darkness, for daylight drawing nigh.
No moon or star glanced downward, to light the sullen
sea,
Where wind and wave beneath the night held battle
angrily.
On through the billowy surges which creamed the
water's gloom,
A noble steamer hurried, unconsciously, to doom :

Her walls a floating castle, crowded with living freight,
Whose dreams were now of perils past, and home
where kindred wait,—

All wrapped in quite slumber, a safe, untroubled sleep,
Their ocean home, in truth, to them the cradle of the
deep.

No voice of coming danger, warned in air or ocean's
realm,

The confident and careless men on look-out and by
helm.

With fatal and unslackened speed on to her goal she
swept,

Whilst noiselessly and surely, Death near and nearer
crept.

One moment, all was well ; the next, with sounds
which stirred,

Her iron keel was on the rocks, her crash of doom was
heard !

As when the judgment-call shall sound, up sprang each
sleeper there ;

From stateroom and from steerage, one echo filled the
air,—

The cry of fear, the shriek of pain, the struggle on the
deck,

The death without, the doom within, the waters and
the wreck !

Darkness above, and death beneath, the life-boats
swept away,
The strong too stunned to struggle, the weak too faint
to pray ;
The blinding spray, the slippery crags they vainly
strove to reach,
The straining ship, the moaning wind, the breakers on
the beach,—
Through the wild terror of the scene, the madness and
despair,
One wail of mighty agony arose a moment there.
As the brave ship recled back and sank, up from her
iron hold
The death cry of three hundred souls above the
darkness rolled !
From breaking hearts and dying lips, that fearful wail
was rent ;
From childhood's pain, and woman's fear, all in one
utterance blent.
We hear of manhood's chivalry, its self-forgetting
power :
Where was its boast, and strength, and pride, in that
destroying hour ?
Strong men bore stronger forms to shore, though
death was hurrying by,
But every child and woman there was left alone to die !

The rosy dawn was lighting now the curtains of the night,
And never looked the daylight down on stranger, sadder sight ;
The rough, bare coast, the seething waves, the elemental strife,
Where weak and strong were struggling still, fighting with death, for life !
Brave men forgetting danger, weak souls to madness driven,
Lives dying out in prayer, hearts breaking unforgiven,
Boats bearing weary, worn-out men in safety to the land,
While wave and billow drifted out the dead upon the strand !
Oh God ! the ghastly spectacle upon that cruel shore,
Whose every rock and sea-worn crag a lifeless body bore !
Eyes in their glassy sightlessness, lips parted half in prayer,
On some the smile of quiet peace, on others such despair !
Whitening beneath the cold, blue sky, the form of perfect grace,
The loveliness death could not steal from gentle woman's face ;

The rounded limbs of childhood, the dimpled arm and cheek,
The little lips still smiling, half parted as to speak,
Sweet darlings of a mother's love, as innocent as fair,—
Strong men grew sick and faint at heart to see those children there !

Brave forms in stony silence were sleeping by their side—

The sailor and the exile, the husband and the bride,
The mother and the baby, whose lips clung to her breast,

The weary men, the happy boys, all hushed in awful rest ;

Gray hairs and golden tresses were floating in the sun ;
For all and each of sex and age, the day of life was done !

And hearts at home may break and die, and tears like rain-drops fall,

But never shall their pleading cry, to life the lost recall :
Give back the silent to the dust, the faithful and the dear ;

Where Faith submits, Love must rebel, or mutely sorrow here.

O God, assoil the souls of those whose ears are cold and dull ;

To breaking hearts beyond the sea, O God, be pitiful !

April 7, 1873.

EPITHALAMIUM.

OCTOBER 8TH, 1873.

BRIDEGROOM and Bride ! though fifty years
Have dimmed the roses' glow,
And touched the sunny bloom of life
With rifts of winter snow :
The loving links that bound in one,
Seem stronger than of old,
For Love and Faith have walked with Time,
And turned them all to gold.

Though russet Autumn draped the hills,
Yours was the Spring of life,
When from the altar's shade you rose,
True husband, loving wife.
The light that blessed those bridal hours,
Burns on more radiantly
As time rings in with golden bells
Your year of jubilee !

And looking back through Memory's glass,
Upon the winding way,
Whose sunny spots and stubble ground
Have ended in to-day,—

The shadows melt in purple mist,
The years their fullness lend,
As rosy dawn and golden eve
In rainbow beauty blend.

Your life has passed in quiet ways,
Bestowed by God's own love,
His flowers of light around your path,
His holy cross above.
The priest and husband going forth
To break the bread of life,—
Watching the sacred fire of home,
The true and gentle wife.

When clouds arose, though dark with tears,
Love's silver lining threw
A radiance on the bitter cup
By sorrow mixed for you.
In all the sunny paths of life,
By pastures green and fair,
In wilderness and valley's shade,
His rod and staff were there.

The father in his sacred toil,
Gathered the young and old,
And led the weak and weary ones
Up to the Shepherd's fold,—

The mother in her happy home,
Trained up for earth and heaven,
By gentle rule and saintly life,
The children God had given.

All are not here to bless you now—
Home has no perfect wreath,
Blossoms are parted from the tree
By distance and by death.
Two in the Master's waiting land,
The King in beauty see ;
And two, as watchmen for their Lord,
Work where His reapers be.

Through fifty years, what loving words
Our pastor's voice has shed,
As he with us has stood beside
Our dying and our dead ;
What earnest counsel, wise reproof,
In hope and warning blent,—
Through fifty years of prayer and work
All in one service spent.

Your children come with loving hands
To crown your bridal day,
And call you blessed as they stand
Like jewels round your way.

Your people, too, their words of love
Would now with blessing blend,
And hail the golden wedding day
Of pastor and of friend.

All blessing of the earth and heaven
Be yours till life is past ;
The Angel of the Covenant
Go with you to the last !
May never shadow change or dim
Those hours of golden prime,
But all the promised light of heaven
Be yours at evening time,

Until the clouds are rolled away,
The mist of death and sin,
And the Great Bridegroom of the Church,
Shall call His people in.
Then, at the Lamb's high marriage feast,
Beyond the eternal shore,
May you sit down, and resting there,
Go out again no more.

NOTE.—Written for the golden wedding of Dean and
Mrs. Bullock.

ALL SAINTS.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1874.

THE Indian summer's mellow light
Falls on the chancel floor,
Where choristers in raiment white,
And kneeling priests adore.
Triumphant music, sweet with praise,
Floats on the quiet air,
Where humble hearts in silence raise
Their sacrifice of prayer.

Life in the echoes—in the light !
Yet as we worship here,
The living vanish from our sight,
The dead in Christ draw near.
The multitude, from sin set free,
Who loved and suffered most,
The martyrs noble company,
The apostolic host.

Not only those with crownéd head
And blood-red palm are near,
Our own dear saints—our blessed dead
Are present with us here ;

Those who with us have walked through life
And left us on the way,
Victorious in the mortal strife
Which tries our strength to-day ;

The little ones who smiled and went,
Their robes still white and fair ;
The weary ones whose day was spent
Striving their cross to bear :
Each heart recalls some sainted one
By love's unconquer'd will ;
A vanished hand, a silent tone,
Enshrined in memory still.

Mother ! whose folded hands were laid
So meekly on your breast,
As when the last good night is said,
Taking your quiet rest !
Who fought the fight through four-score years,
Beset and sorely tried,—
Your face is shining through my tears,
Peaceful and glorified !

No sorrow there for fainting love,
No timid, pleading prayer,—
Safe in the Paradise above,
Resting and waiting there !

All Saints has sweeter, holier grace,
A newer, dearer song,
In that I see your gentle face
God's multitude among.

Thought turns from nature's tenderest tie,
Still lingering with the dead,
That great and blessed company
Whose number none hath said.
To each and all one face appears
More nearly at the feast,
The guide and friend of many years,
Our pastor and our priest.*

Last All Saints when the board was spread
Within the altar's shade,
His hand in blessing on each head
With father's touch was laid.
He spoke the words of comfort dear,
Which all our hearts desire ;
But, while he spoke, the messenger
Was saying, " Come up higher."

* Rev. Dean Bullock.

To-day—within that Paradise
 His heart so longed to see—
He views his Lord with loving eyes,
 From loss and scathe set free.
Thrice glorious home ! Thrice happy rest !
 Which he has gone to share.
O say not those who loved him best,
 Thank God ! that he is there.

We stumble on with bleeding feet,
 Borne back and bruised by sin,
We struggle—for the rest is sweet,
 But he has entered in,
Safe with the glorious multitude
 Within that happy place,
Whose robes are washed in Christ's own blood,
 And who behold His face.

Saviour, who in one mystic tie
 Hast knit Thine own elect,
Give us Thy grace to live thereby
 And reach what we expect ;
That when we cross the silent land,
 If sorrowing ones there be,
In Paradise where All Saints stand,
 Our faces they may see.

November 1st, 1874.

THE RIDER AND THE LAKE.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHWAB.]

THE horseman rides through the valley bright,
On whose snow-flakes glitter the sun-beam's light.

Swiftly he speeds o'er the frozen lea,
To-day he must reach the distant sea;

The light boat sweeping across the tide
Must land him ere night on the other side.

On rugged way, over stone and thorn,
By his gallant steed he is swiftly borne.

Over the mountains and valley land,
The snow lies smooth like the shining sand.

Swift as he flies o'er the white course down,
Vanish behind him village and town.

Far as the eye o'er the way can glance,
No house appears in the vast expanse.

Shrill screams the snow-goose as on he flies
Over the plain as the daylight dies;

Flutters the water-fowl high in air,
No other sound does the stillness bear

No traveller's form can his eye discern,
The rightful course from his lead to learn.

Still over the velvet snow speeds he ;
Where roars the water ? Where shines the sea ?

Now comes the evening, so early here,
And flashes of distant lights appear ;

Trees rise from the mist on either side,
And circling trees gird the prospect wide.

Over the ground with its stone and thorn,
The horse again by the spur is borne.

From the village sheep-fold the watch-dog bays,
As the traveller rides through the gathering haze ;

Till the horseman slackens his eager rein,
And light streams forth from a casement pane.

“ O welcome, fair maiden, to weary sight ;
Where lies the lake I must cross to-night ? ”

Then up looked the maiden with wondering eye :
“ The lake and the boat behind thee lie ;

“ Were its waves not bound by a chain of frost,
Methinks thou hadst just o'er its bosom crossed.”

The stranger uttered with wild exclaim :
“ O'er the plain behind me hither I came ! ”

With arm uplifted, thus answered she :
“ O God ! thou hast ridden across the sea ;
“ O'er the dark abyss, the bottomless floor,
Rapped thy mad horse-hoofs on that icy door :
“ Then, as under thee roared the lake,
Did not its hard rind in thunder break ?
“ Why wert thou not prey for the famished brood
Of the hungry pike in the cold, deep flood !”
Out from the village, with eager ear,
Childhood and youth came forth to hear.
Answered each, as the tidings ran,
“ Call thyself happy, O fortunate man !”
They bade him in where the board was spread
With plenteous supper of fish and bread.
But the rider had not on his good steed stirred
Since first on his ear fell the startling word.
Behind him yet grinned that fearful sea,
And his heart stood still in its agony ;
There his eye saw the ghastly gorge alone,
And his spirit died at the hollow tone.
As the crushing thunder still haunted his ear
With the billows' gurgle, he sank, in fear,
Dead from his horse by the cottage door,
And found a grave on the dry, still shore.

SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1876.

My Sister ! Since as little girls we played
Under the poplars round our early home,
Upon your birthday, festival we made
By loving words and gifts. To-day I come,
My wreaths all wet with love's most bitter rain,
The cypress and the asphodel of pain.

I stand beside thy quiet grave to-day,
Where flowers are growing and where grass is green.
On leaden wheels the months have passed away
Since rolled death's bridgeless sea our lives between.
Last birthday seems so far, and yet so near
The golden autumn of the byegone year.

When you were with us, on your gentle face
We saw no shadow deeper than of old,
Moving so calmly in your wonted place,
Your sweet and patient eyes no story told
Of the sad doom so present to your ken—
Of the dark cross your heart was wearing then !

Your cheek grew paler, and your step less strong ;

We could not see, our eyes were holden still ;
The shadows deepened, and the night grew long.

You knew the whecls were broken at the mill,
While we, O God ! had neither dread nor doubt,
And yet your sands of life were running out !

It came at last—more bitter, cruel fruit
The tree of human knowledge never gave.

Our hearts were paralyzed, our lips were mute,
To see you hastening to your open grave !

We knew it could not, so we dare not pray,
“Lord, from our lips let this cup pass away !”

And day by day we watched you failing here—
In pain your spirit brave no more could hide,
With ne'er a murmur, rarely e'en a tear,
You were so sweetened and so sanctified ;
Like the dear Lord who bore our pain and loss,
Made perfect through the suffering of the cross.

Through Lenten shadows, up to Easter dawn,
The softer skies were wet with April showers ;
Spring's rosy fingers touched the forest lawn ;
We laid upon your bed the sweet Mayflowers.
The kiss of summer on the green earth lying,
All full of life—you, you alone were dying !

You thought to last till autumn came again,
Perhaps to see this birthday with us all ;
To watch the shadows on the golden grain,—
Then, like the leaves, to wither and to fall.
Hope, sad as vain ! with May's last soft good-night,
To us who watched and wept, went out your light !

In such sweet peace, so full of love and faith,
So rested after all the toil and strife,
We could not call your blessed slumber death :
To us it seemed an entering into life.
We almost heard the Master's welcome sweet,
As you laid down your burden at His feet.

And through those quiet days that came and went,
While we still watched beside your pure, still form,
And field, and woodland were with light besprent ;
We, broken by the beating of the storm,
With all the weight of life-long loss oppressed,
Could only feel the fulness of your rest.

We laid you here. The sky was glad with light,
The birds were singing where the young flowers grew ;
Upon your coffin, blossoms pure and white—
Your patient soul as sweet and stainless too !
Under the sod we left you lying low,
You who had loved the glorious spring-time so !

“ Hard to have laid her there in spring,” we said,
“ So hard to die when all around was fair !”
Spake not a voice, that blessed are the dead,
Who, dying in the Lord, are with him where
Eternal spring in changeless glory lies
Around the dewy slopes of Paradise !

Our summer time is gone—the autumn near,
Once more the hectic hues the green leaves steep ;
I know not where you hold the feast this year,—
What was your birthday, by your grave I keep,
Still groping blindly for the light to fall ;
You in the Presence Chamber knowing all !

THE TWO GRAVES.

WHERE the churchyard’s foliage waves,
Side by side two grass-grown graves.
This, the resting place of one
Dying when life’s day was done ;
That, for her, a little rose,
Blighted ere the morning’s close.
He on sunset closed his eyes,
She but saw the sun arise.

Broken by the changeful strife,
Weary with the march of life,
At the curfew's summoning knell,
He, the veteran soldier, fell :
When the midnight watch came round,
Laid his knapsack on the ground,
Humbly crossed his hands in rest,
Folded on a silent breast.

She among the flowers at play,
Lovely as the new-born day,
Knowing not of grief or care,
Innocent as angels are ;
Girt with love and household blessing,
All life's richest gifts possessing ;
Heaven exhaled the perfume dear
Of our dewdrop sparkling here.

He, an exile on our shore,
Sought a home till life was o'er,
Boyhood's dawn and manhood's prime,
Nurtured in that glorious clime
Where bright waters lave the strand
Of the German fatherland.
Here a wandering household leaf—
There the reaper bound the sheaf.

She a blossom on the lea,
Ours from earliest infancy,
Like a Mayflower on the sod,
Sinless from the hand of God.
Nothing there—her all was here,
Household love that held her dear ;
Yet she knew the summoning word
When our Father's voice was heard.

There they lay, grandsire and child ;
Tears have fallen, lips have smiled,
Many a weary year since each
Dumb became to mortal speech.
What are we ? and what are they ?
Ours to suffer—ours to pray,
Waiting for the Master's call,
Theirs—O God ! thou knowest all !

EVE OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

MARCH, 1877.

IN deepest Lenten shadow falls your feast,
Yet we may come with earnest hearts to plead
That the Good Shepherd and the Great High Priest,
Whose sheep you gather, and whose flock you feed,
May go before you through life's wilderness,
And with His love our shepherd shield and bless.

For all your counsel when our way is dark,
For all your comfort when our hearts are sore,
For foot-marks guiding to the Saviour's Ark,
Whose sheltering doors stand open evermore ;
For saintly life, in prayer and labour spent—
Its pain and self denial, one long Lent ;

For altar blessings, and for household care ;
For tender message in our days of pain ;
For words of comfort, sympathy and prayer,
By dying beds when earthly hope is vain ;
For oil and wine on wounded spirits shed,
When weeping mourners tarry by their dead :

For this, and more, in grateful love we pray
The Gracious Master, whom you serve, to send
The riches of His recompense to-day
In blessing on our Bishop and our friend—
Crowning each year, until your church shall see
The golden measure of your jubilee.

NOTE.—Bishop Binney's consecration took place on the
Festival of the Annunciation.

TO L. N. B. B.

SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1877.

THE shadow of a saintly life, a life so dear to me,
Lies round your birthday, little one,—like sunshine let
it be ;
May all the good that came with her,* and all the
peace that went
When she put off this life of ours, be to your portion
lent !

Not to link loss or pain with you. Only because you
came
And claimed upon life's calendar the date that bore
her name ;
Only because between your lives one little bond is
given—
The birthday first to you on earth, was first to her in
heaven.

And so I look with tender eyes upon your little face,
And plead to-day for benison of brightness and of grace,

* L. N. B. B. was born on the day Miss Katzmann died.

For perfect bloom and golden fruit, for ripeness sweet
and clear,
Upon the future of the life now rounded to a year !

Can Baby's laureate ask for more ? I lay before your
feet
My gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, gifts that are
bitter-sweet.
Their bitterness is all mine own, from memory's leaves
distilled,
With the full sweetness of the draught your cup of
life be filled !

MARGARET FLOYER.

Lone grave, girt round by dusky trees,
Whose branches, rustling in the breeze,
Keep well the secret tale of her
Who sleeps in this rude sepulchre.

What was her story ? why the doom
Of banishment, neglect and gloom ?
None ever knew, and we to-day
Perplexed and curious turn away.

Lying around her many a form,
Whose graves are wrapped in sunshine warm ;
Simple and weary souls who rest
Forgotten on earth's quiet breast.

We see their graves, we pass them by,
They hold for us no mystery ;
But to this stranger's tomb we turn,
Still curious what it hides to learn.

Years have gone by, full many a score,
Since exiled to this lonely shore,
She came in woman's tender grace,
With stately step, and sweet, fair face.

Of courteous speech and gentle mien,
Cultured in school-craft lore, and keen,
Subdued and silent, seeking none,—
She came, she lived, she died, alone !

From youth, through womanhood, to age,
Her story fills a turned-down page ;
While none have seen, and none shall see,
Her secret of a century.

What had she done ? why did she come ?
We question, and the years are dumb.
Whate'er the shame, whate'er the sin,
Her punishment should pardon win.

Here in the shadow of this wood,
She knew life's loneliest solitude ;
Here where the tasseled pine trees wave,
Time has been tender to her grave.

The cold grey stone, in letters deep,
Her name and birthplace plainly keep ;
The moss-grown brick and morticed wall,
Hold faithful watch and ward through all.

Leave her in peace—nor sung, nor said,
Be word of doubt to vex the dead ;
The Judge with whom the verdict lies,
Has balanced sin by sacrifice.

August 15th, 1879.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Keep silence as the curtain falls ! At last
The tragedy is over,—let him rest !
The watch, the struggle and the strain is past ;
The quiet grave receives its tired guest
Wrapped in the purple of a Nation's tears—
An uncrowned king, a Saul among his peers !

We who have heard the story of his life,
Its patient progress, and its steady aim,
His strength in suffering, and his calm in strife,
The self-denial, greater than the fame,
In faith abiding through eclipses of light,
In brave, strong purpose, steadfast for the right,—

We who have watched him as he took the helm,
Guiding the ship upon a stormy sea,
The grave, wise ruler of a mighty realm
Whose gathered millions, as the waves, are free,—
We, deep in wonder, saw the web unfold,
As his deft fingers turned the threads to gold.

His feet had climbed the topmost stair. He stood
In life's fair zenith, when the assassin came,
Dyeing his traitor hands with hero blood.
The world looked on in darkness and in shame,
And Christendom sent up to heaven a cry,
“Let not his blood on us in judgment lie !”

“Oh ! spare him, Lord !” Through four-score days
went up

This pleading prayer ; at times it seemed to reach
The ear of Him who answers, for the cup
Uplifted stood, and pale lips whispered each,
As words of hope flashed over sea and land,
“Death’s dreadful angel yet may stay his hand.”

In vain ; the sands fell slowly through the glass,
Slowly, but surely, fewer day by day ;
The sickle of the reaper took, alas !

The precious grain half ripened by the way :
So vain the power to rescue or to spare,
In trinity of skill, and love, and prayer !

Then with wet eyes the mourning Nations stood,
And passed with reverent steps from out the room,
Leaving the sleeper in his solitude,
Alone with God, as Moses in the gloom
Of Nebo’s mountain. Conqueror and crowned,
Pass from the presence,—this is holy ground !

Crape on the doors of all the world to-day,—
Sovereigns and nations clasping hands beside
The pale, dead ruler. On his coffin lay
Rare wreaths, by deep love glorified.
Fold the green turf upon his tired breast,
Well has he earned his slumber, let him rest !

September 26th, 1881.

ALL SAINTS.

1881.

The blessed feast of All Saints is with us once again,
In all its silvered shadow of sweet and tender pain ;
Like stars in memory's vista, we see the shining eyes
Of those who rest expectant, in Christ's dear Paradise !
Not crownéd kings and martyrs, by living waters led ;
The lode-stars of the vision, our own dear household dead—
The tender guides and comrades, who in our lives had share,
The trusted and the faithful, ripe grain and blossom fair ;
Each heart has hidden rosary, its holiest shrine to claim ;
On each fresh bead of memory some dear familiar name !
For heart-sick loss and longing, how flesh with spirit faints,
To-day we hear the music, the joy bells of All Saints !

We gather round the altar, where once in faith **they**
 stood,
Praying for strength to overcome,—an earnest multi-
 tude.
Of these dear festivals we count, through tears, a
 shining score,
And still our ranks have less and less, and Paradise
 has more !
We stand within the chancel, with bent and reverent
 head ;
Around us are the living, we only see the dead—
Dear saints whose march is over, whose battle-day is
 done,
Whose rest is troubled nevermore by aught beneath
 the sun.
When last the tender shadow of this lovéd season
 fell,
Some who with us were standing, to-day with **All**
 Saints dwell :
Two who had climbed the hill-side, and journeyed to
 the plain,
Whose life had lost its summer, and drooped like
 autumn grain ;
One worn with cross of suffering, had prayed for sweet
 release ;
Both weary from the struggle, are now in perfect
 peace.

And one, a sweet young flower, so fair and full of grace,
In girlhood's tender beauty, with soft and gentle face,—
She, while the dew still glistened, nor touch had dimmed life's gold,
In the gladsome flush of morning, was taken to the fold.
And one who like the Giver, was ever at the feast,
With words of peace and welcome, the pastor and the priest ;
In the glad flower of manhood, with life's rich fulness blest,
Has laid aside his warfare and entered into rest !
No shadow on his dial, his sun went down at noon,
The lips in praises earnest now sing a sweeter tune ;
The heart so full of gladness, the life so full of love,
Has passed from earth's full treasure to better things above.
The harvest fields were round him ; while yet his sickle sped,
A stronger Reaper entered, and gathered him instead.
God leaves no work unfinished, or we would vainly say
His sheaves were all unripened, unbound upon the way.

So full of life and vigour, so strong for labour here,
So glad in God's high service to stand and minister ;
In the full song of triumph that fills the eternal
skies,
No voice than his rings clearer to-day in Paradise !
For us who in the shadow weep over pain and loss,
Whose bleeding feet still stumble beneath life's heavy
cross,
The blessed peace of All Saints is balm, and oil, and
wine,
A chalice of refreshment, of victory a sign !
If they have fought and triumphed, if they are now
at rest,
We too may with our burden press on as they have
pressed.
God grant that where His people the feast of gladness
keep,
We too may have our portion, the Shepherd and the
Sheep !

November, 1881.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT RUPERT

[A CHRISTMAS CHIME.]

LONG years ago in grand old Saxony,
When pious Ludwig ruled with gentle sway ;
And Christ's glad gospel, like a stately tree,
Put forth its spreading branches day by day ;
Where Bingen's palace gleamed through mosses dun,—
The noble Bertha trained her only son.
From boyhood's earliest dawn, a holy child,
The Lord had marked him for His own, by grace
Of tender nature. Guardian angels smiled,
And left the brightness on his infant face.
God's perfect love so filled his soul, that he
Became the perfect priest of charity.

And all his wealth was given the poor to feed,
To clothe the naked, and the sad to cheer ;
Seeing the Master's in the servant's need,
Bearing, for His sake, loss in all things dear ;
Hearing and answering ever to the plea,
“ Done to the least of these, is done to Me ; ”
Failing at times, as even saints will fail—
This human flesh is weak to shrine the Lord.

Once the pierced Hand drew back the heavy veil,
And in a vision, shewed his great reward—
There on the banks of Germany's broad Rhine,
In slumber, he beheld a dream divine :—

An aged man with silver hair appeared,
Moving a band of fair sweet boys beside ;
And as they one by one the river neared,
He dipped them underneath the shining tide.
Emerging from that fresh baptismal grace,
Lovelier and fairer shone each lovely face !
Thenceforth an island, like to Paradise,
Rose from the stream ; the boys he thither led,
And clad them all in robes of shining guise,
Placing fair crowns of amaranth on each head.
And holy Rupert stirred in sleep, and prayed
That he with them might stand, and be arrayed.

Then spoke the aged man, “ Not here my son ;
Yours is a higher rest than Paradise ;
Your deeds of faith, and love, for you have won
That Heaven, where Christ has watched with loving
eyes,
Glad in His servant, thus Himself to see
In best, and highest grace of charity !”

And as he spake, a glorious rainbow spanned
The shining stream, and bright with golden wings,
On the translucent bridge, an angel band
Stood with celestial harps of sweetest strings ;
And in their midst as on they gently trod,
A glorious infant, like the Son of God !

Beside Him knelt the loved Apostle John,
Above Him soared two angel forms of light
Holding a garment, which they placed upon
The infant Saviour, pure as He, and white ;
The very robe the Saint bestowed that day,
On a poor naked child, upon the way !
And as he gazed, thus spoke the Child Divine,
“ The dearest robe the Son of Man can wear,
Is woven of such loving deeds as thine.
And for thy sake, upon my limbs I bear
This garment, wrought of thy dear charity :
Done to the least of these is done to Me !”

The vision faded—has its light gone out ?
Brings it no word to us, at Christmas time ?
Nearly two thousand years of sin and doubt,
Have left their traces on earth’s hoary clime ;
And still in clear, sweet tones adown the way,
The Christ-child speaks to us, and all to-day,

Let us, like Rupert, hear the heavenly voice,
And weave a garment for the Lord to wear ;
Lift up the fallen, make His poor rejoice ;
Out of our fulness, let the hungry share ;
And to ourselves, our Christmas gift shall be,
The Master's perfect robe of charity !

December, 1881.



THE LEGEND OF SAINT OGG.

IN days of old—as legends tell—
When prayer and faith wrought miracle,
Where Dorlcote's fair and pleasant lea,
Stretches broadening to the sea ;
Saint Ogg, the boatman of the Floss,
Ferried the passengers across.
Let calm or tempest rule the flood,
The son of Beorl ready stood ;
So pure of heart, so strong of limb,
Sunshine and storm alike to him.

The night was dark, the winds were high,
They tossed the waves, and gloomed the sky.
Adown the river's bank there came,
Passage across its tide to claim,

A woman, weak, and faint and worn,
With weary feet and raiment torn.
Lonely she stood, and sore distressed,
Clasping an infant to her breast.
Lips, voice, and eyes together plead
Her eager haste, her instant need.
The idlers, gathered on the strand,
With questioning force her plea withstand :
“ Be wise ; nor tempt the swollen tide ;
In shelter here, on land, abide ;
Tarry, till dawn shall bring the light,
Nor cross the stormy waves to-night.”
Still wailed her voice, still fell her tears,
Her need was greater than her fears ;
And as she pressed her eager claim,
Saint Ogg the son of Beorl came.
With trim, staunch boat, and shining oar,
He moored beside the storm-swept shore.
“ Forbear,” he said, “ nor longer plead,
Enough for me, a heart in need ;
Though storm and darkness rule the Floss,
My boat shall ferry thee across ;
My arm is strong, and God will guide
In safety to the other side.”

Fierce was the storm and wild the scene ;
His heart was brave, his stroke was keen ;

And through the tempest's sullen roar,
He swiftly reached the further shore.
Light, not of earth, around him stream'd ;
His passenger an angel seemed.
Her garments late all worn and spare,
Were flowing robes, pure, white and fair ;
Dazzling, as when on water seen,
The moon-light trails its silver sheen ;
A wonderous beauty in her face
Of heavenly glory, and of grace.
Now, soft as love's most tender word,
Her sweet voice through the stillness stirred :
"O Ogg, thrice blessed man are thou,
Who didst not question, why ? or how ?
But smitten straight with pity, strove
To answer need of heart, by love.
Who wrangled not with secret grief,
But only heard, to bring relief.
From henceforth, in the fiercest storm,
Thy boat shall rescue every form ;
Nor peril touch, nor harm assail
That boat or thee ; both shall prevail
In wildest elemental strife,
To reach and rescue human life ;
And thine own soul shall rest above
In the safe harbour of God's love !"

The vision passed, the blessing stayed.
Beneath the benediction laid,
Ogg's life-boat strong and arm so brave,
As first to seek, were sure to save.
And when his rowing work was done
And his last voyage safely run,
His boat was loosed by hands unseen,—
Those hands which long a shield had been—
And as it floated to the sea
Whose outlet is eternity,
The passengers were those who crossed
The night the Floss was tempest-tossed,
And on Saint Ogg serenely smiled
The Mother and the Blessed Child.
They led his soul in shining guise,
To that dear land of Paradise
Where they, who give to those in need
The pitying love for which they plead,
Hear from the Lord, whose face they see,
“Those deeds of love were done to Me !”

December, 1888.

MIDNIGHT.

DECEMBER 31ST, 1882.

We stood on the Bridge of the Ages—
The current of Time upon earth,
The Old Year was sealing its record,
The New Year had come to the birth.
In silence we stood by the ebb-tide,
And watched it melt into the sea ;
A drop in that infinite ocean,
Which has been and ever shall be !

The Old Year looked back on the schedule
It had filled, and was filing away ;
Laid up for the doom of the coming assize,
To be used by the Judge in that day.
What a record of sorrow it held,
Of fire, and famine, and flood ;
So much of it blistered with tears,
So much of it written in blood ;

The signs which no skill could decipher,
The problems no mortal could read,
Of ignorance, folly and weakness,
Of suffering, wonder and need !

It was but a fragment at best,
 Yet the touch of its pages was flame ;
And he shrank from the scroll with a blush,
 And his dying soul shivered with shame.

The great solemn stars of the midnight,
 Like the face of the Sphynx were set ;
They sang at the birth of Creation,
 Hold they clue to its mystery yet ?
As we stood on the Bridge of the Ages,
 They were floating away in the blue,
And their calm, tender eyes watched with us,
 As the Old and the New Year passed through !

The Old Year was fading in death,
 The New Year was come to the birth ;
And one was ashamed, and one was afraid,
 And the travail was sore upon earth.
Death agony met with birth anguish ; in fear
 The old mother's bosom was stirred ;
And the struggle for life, and the sob of despair,
 In the sound of the earthquake were heard.

A shiver of sympathy thrilled the dark veins,
 Earth shook to her innermost soul ;
One moment the stars ceased their shining, the next
 The weird scroll as a parchment was rolled.

The Old Year was silent forever,
The New Year went forth to fulfil ;
And not in the earthquake, and not in the cloud,
We heard a voice tender and still :—

Leave future and past in the Hand
Which can guide, and direct, and control ;
Man, walking in shadow, sees only in part,
God looks on the perfected whole !
Our years rise and fall—His years are the same,
He knows, and His knowledge is best ;
Earth's distant to-morrows, His yesterdays all,
And we in His wisdom can rest !



ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE checkered woof is perfected at last—
The loom of thought in sunset ease may rest ;
The burnished threads have through the shuttle
passed ;
The worker's hand has done its last and best ;
And the wise teacher rests his weary head
In the Valhalla of the crownéd dead.

A household guest, an ever welcome friend,
How often he has charmed a weary hour !
His quiet humour never failed to blend
Home's homeliest life with Love's Arcadian dower !
His fair, frank girls, bright, merry and ideal,
To us were always palpable and real !

His men were true, his women brave and pure,
With here and there a darker type to make
The good more perfect, and the firm more sure.
We loved his pictures for the painter's sake,
For he had charmed, and taught, and helped us here,
By jest and story, many a changeful year.

His old cathedrals, rich with storied lore,
His bishops, deans, and canons—all were ours ;
Mitre and coronets his heroes wore,
And statecraft blended with Love's lowly flowers,
Intrigues of Church and State, domestic strife—
His books a stage—his actors true to life !

Turn down the pleasant page with reverent hand :
We read its "Finis" blinded by our tears ;
The busy brain is in the Silent Land,
The good and genial gathered with his peers ;
Leaving to this, and each succeeding age,
His wise, pure works, as England's heritage !

January, 1883.

THE PASSAGE OVER.

THE keepers pale were quaking,
 Around the silent tent ;
The golden bowl was breaking,
 For one whose day was spent ;
The windows all were darkened,
 And loosed the silver cord,
While weeping watchers hearkened
 For every parting word.

In weakness and in fever
 Of waning life he lay,
Before the dread forever,
 Whose dim prophetic ray
Like thoughts in fragments shivered,
 Bewildering fancies shed,
Till shadowy phantoms quivered
 Around his dying bed.

He seemed to see the ocean,
 And brave ships anchored there,
With snowy sails in motion,
 The light wind fresh and fair.
He scarce could bear to sever
 His soul from bonds of clay,
But voices bade him ever,
 “ Enter and sail away.”

Love's clasping cords unshaken,
 He shrunk, and would not dare,
But spectral hands had taken
 His final passage there.
Long was the death shaft parried,
 But now life's fires burned low ;
Long had the summons tarried,
 Now—he was forced to go.

He saw strange faces round him,
 And low in whispers sighed,
While memory's fetters bound him,
 “ O must I cross this tide !
They have taken passage for me,
 And I must journey on,
Till stranger skies droop o'er me
 Before the night is gone.”

Such were his dying fancies ;
 All day the shadows fell,
Dimming the anxious glances
 Of those who loved him well.
All night they watched, and listened
 To every passing sigh,
Until the morning glistened
 Upon the eastern sky.

Then swelling in the distance,
He saw a bridgeless sea ;
On either side—existence—
Time—and eternity.
The feeble pulse's quiver,
The phantom echoes moan,
Before that silent river,
Which he must cross alone.

Yet not alone,—beside him,
Throughout that dreary flood,
With rod and staff to guide him,
One like the Son of God !
Dark though the fordless river,
It's waves the Saviour knew,
And left a light forever,
To guide his people through.

And thus beyond the shadows,
All dense with sin and strife,
He saw the shining meadows,
Green with the dew of life ;
Heaven's glad and quiet garden,
By mercy's rainbow spanned,
With joy for sin's sweet pardon,
In the good Shepherd's land.

What of the shadowy portal,
If light is on the shore,
Lapsing the frail and mortal,
In life for evermore ;
What though the stream was lonely,
Darkened by death and sin,
He saw the glory only,
Passed on, and entered in !

— — — — —

THE FACE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

IT was one of those grand cathedrals,
“A poem in wood and stone” ;
Fashioned by master-builders,
For the glory of God alone.
The sound of hammer and chisel,
From morning till night was there ;
As it rose in its gothic grandeur,
A temple so vast and fair !
Workmen from every nation,
With skill and craft had planned
Column and nave and chancel,
All wrought with cunning hand.
Strength was inlaid with beauty :
A goodly sight to see
The rainbow light through the mullioned panes
Of that glorious sanctuary ;

One day, past the crowd of watchers,
Came a man with silver hair,
And asked of the master-builder
For leave to labour there.
The workmen stood in wonder,
For the stranger's eyes were dim,
And the hands so thin and nerveless,
Ne'er told of work in him.
The master smiled as he answered,
"Our men must be strong and true,
Able, as well as willing,
For the work they have to do ;
Your skill and your strength are over."
"Try me," the old man said,
"Let me but work in the windowed niche
Of the turret above my head."
And the master in pity yielded
To the pleading of voice and eye.
The old man climbed the minster stairs,
To the window aslant the sky ;
And there where the sunrise glory
Fell first through the diamond pane,
And pillar and arch, and chancel
Were bathed in the golden rain,
He toiled with such wondrous patience,
All day till the shadows came,

And night, in her starry mantle,
Folded earth's dewy frame :
Day after day on the panel,
He had won from the builder's grace,
His trembling hands were busy,
Carving a single face ;
Silent, and always keeping
From watchers and workers aloof,
There by the oriel window,
Under the fretted roof.
But once when the sun was setting,
And the minster's walls were dim,
The workmen waited and listened—
What had befallen him ?
He stood not before the panel,
Nor came down the lofty stair,
Yet the light of the turret window
Was shining upon him there ;
For he lay in the quiet shadow
That follows the setting sun,
His tired hands were folded,
The old man's work was done !
And fresh from the shining panel,
Finished with perfect grace,
Looked down on the pale dead artist,
A pure, young, tender face,

Fresh in its dewy softness,
As a rose in the light may glow,
The face that had made the sunshine,
Of his life in the long ago ;
And the love, through whose perfect fulness,
Our nature becomes divine,
Had transferred from his faithful keeping,
That face to this holy shrine.
There in its place of beauty,
Eyes turned to the rising sun,
He had made her face immortal,—
He died, for his work was done !
In that grand old English temple,
There are marvels of wondrous skill,
Where the brain and hand of the craftsman
Have worked with a perfect will ;
But naught has the grace and beauty
Of the face in the niche above ; —
Their work was for gain or glory,
But his was done for Love !

January, 1885.

GORDON.

KHARTOUM, JANUARY 26TH, 1885.

WHAT of the great commander ?
He is lying cold and still,
Where the waves of the blue Nile wander
Round the slopes of Khartoum's hill !
Dead ! in the land of the infidel,
Where the traitors have made his grave ;
Slain ! like the Lord he served so well,
By the men he went to save.

They may talk of his gallant daring
Wherever his fame is known ;
The winds are this message bearing,
“ They left him to die alone.”
In the fight he stood single-handed,
Under that burning sky ;
Where the Moslem hordes were banded,
The hero went out to die !

Simple in faith, brave and tender,
These taunts on his name were cast,
In the face of his grand surrender,—
“ Fanatic—enthusiast !”
As he marched alone o'er the sandy seas,
The doubt and the sneer might rise ;
But the rulers, who sat at home in ease,
Accepted his sacrifice.

Alone on the ramparts he waited,
For the rescue that never came.
The foe with his thirst unsated
By the prey he had sworn to claim,
Was weaving a network round him.
At last, came the hour of doom ;
At his post of death they found him,
Still watching to save Khartoum !

Should he yield to their sabres ?—never !
Not a nerve or a pulse grew faint,
As he made his last endeavour,—
Brave martyr and shrev'n saint !
With one prayer to the God of battle,
Who his strength and shiel'd had been,
He rushed through the roar and rattle,
To fire the magazine.

Too late ! As we tell the story,
He has passed from our praise or blame ;
Living and dying for England's g'ory,
We only can feel her shame.
While Moslem and fierce Turk rallied,
The brightness of England's fame
Was soiled by those who dallied,
And fouled her honoured name.

In the ravaged fortress city,
Where through hunger, loss and heat,
His soul in its tender pity
Has hallowed each blood-stained street ;
Where only the flag of the stranger
Can float through the desolate gloom,
Silent in death, and past danger,
He is lying alone in Khartoum.

February 25th, 1885.

WATER IN THE WILDERNESS.

I was reading the olden story,
That down through the ages came,
Of Israel's birthright glory
And Israel's bondage shame ;
Of the Exodus over the waters,
Of the proud Egyptian boast,
Of the triumph of Israel's daughters,
And the drowning of Pharaoh's host ;
Of the march through the desert lonely,
Of their marvellous guide and light—
The cloud in the day-time only,
The pillar of fire by night ;
Of their weary and heartsick yearning
For the land where their lives were cursed,

No trust from deliverance learning ;
Of their fierce consuming thirst—
Of the search for some cool, fresh fountain,
While their fainting footsteps trod,
Through the shadow of that dread mountain,
The Sinai home of God :
How with Moses for drink they pleaded,
Till they stood beside the brink
Of wells with the water they needed,
Where they bent, but could not drink.
For the potion alas ! was bitter,
They had found, but they could not taste
A draught in its mockery fitter
To pour on the desert waste.
I thought as I laid down the story,
How like were their lives to ours,
We call our bondage glory,
We wreath the our chains with flowers
We are led over desert places,
Guided by night and day,
Angel voices and angel faces
Ever around our way ;
We turn from the gracious guiding,
In our folly and pride we think
We know where the draught is hiding,
We find, but we cannot drink ;

We have sought with such fierce endeavour,—
We have digged, to learn again
The waters of Marah never
Can quench life's thirst or pain.
Thank God ! who can give them sweetness
By the wood of the dear Lord's Cross,—
Our broken hopes, through His completeness,
Find Elims in Marah's loss !

May, 1885.

IN MEMORY OF HIBBERT BINNEY,
FOURTH LORD BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Born August 12th, 1819. Died April 30th, 1887.

THE Church is putting on her festal robes,
In glad commemoration of the day,
When in this Mother Diocese of ours,
Her great Episcopate took root and grew.
To-day her children gather at her call,
In grateful adoration at His feet,
Who blessed the tender grain of mustard seed
Planted in faith an hundred years ago,
Until its goodly branches fill the land,
And underneath its shadow we can see
The dear old English Church secure and strong,
Her heritage increased a thousand fold.

We keep with gladness this centennial feast,
And yet with sorrow ; as our hearts recall
One, who looked forward to its dawn with joy—
One, whose long years of work, and prayer, and faith,
Broke up this fallow ground in which we stand,
And made it ready for the harvest time ;
Whose birthday on the twelfth of August, holds
This day in life-long memory to us,—
One, who in manhood's early strength took up
The pastoral staff, nor held it once in rest—
One who grew old with us, through toil and pain,
Who laid his hand upon our children's heads
And blessed them as they made their vows their own ;
Who gladdened marriage feasts, and knelt with us
Beside our dying, and around our dead,
Bringing us tender comfort out of loss,
By his most precious gift of sympathy,—
Chief pastor, ruler, guide and loyal friend,
Hibbert, fourth Bishop of this Nova Scotian See.

His brave, strong soul, through many a bitter storm,
Stood at the helm for thirty-six long years.
Under his care the Church took on new life ;
The little sapling grew into a tree,
Whose “time of figs” not always crowned the leaves.
Feeling life's great responsibility,
His energy, his will, his intellect,

Were always keen and ready, set for use,
And used ungrudgingly. Through wrong and loss,
His work was duty, and his labour prayer.
Men called him hard, imperious, austere,—
We knew him loyal, tender, staunch, and brave,
Loving in sorrow, liberal in need,
Earnest in counsel. We who loved him well,
Can see him still, grand central figure there ;
Misunderstood by friends, misjudged by foes ;
Uncompromising when by wrong assailed,
But tender as a child to love's appeal ;
Never remembering injury or wrong,
But keeping sweet forgiveness in his soul
To fall on others as the dew from heaven ;
Yet worn by disappointment, sorely tried
By sense of failure when success seemed sure ;
And when the sunset of his life drew near,
Hounded to death by base and cruel men ;
Trust meeting treachery, and pardon scorn.
Their malice could not touch his valiant heart,
But the worn casket yielded to the strain.
His loyal soul stood ever in the light—
The darkness came from those who would not see.
He died in harness, as true men should die,
Working while yet his hand found work to do,
Nor laid his weapons down until the dawn
Of a glad Easter found that work all done.

One hour in rest, he waited by the shore
Of the great ocean of eternity ;
And we who loved him, prayed him long to rest,
Still serving, as he waited for the tide
That bore him onward, upward unto God :
One moment here—the next he entered in
And laid his burden at the Master's feet.
Our straining ears could hear the glad “ Well done ! ”
Ring through the jasper streets of paradise,
Into the fulness of His changeless rest.

We saw him in the chancel's tender gloom ;
Laid in the majesty and peace of death.
The hands were still—so often lifted up
To bless his people in that holy place—
Peace on his face, and sunshine on his lips ;
More than at rest, he seemed a conqueror now :
And as we watched him through our blinding tears,
And took a last, long look at that dear face,
Whose massive brow and crown of silver hair,
For years had been familiar to us all,
We said “ Thank God ! his battle day is done,
His cross laid down at last, and he at rest ” !

Others may come, and we may hold them dear ;
Others may enter in, where he has toiled,

And reap the harvest of the seed he sowed
In patient watchfulness, and faith, and tears ;
Others may work, and bring their precious sheaves,
But we, who grew from youth to age with him,
Who shared his friendship, and who loved him well,
Who fought his battles, and who stood by him
In dark and evil days, in storm and peace,
Whose need was lessened by his generous hand,
Whose hearts were lightened by his tender words,
Whose tears beside our dead were dried by him,
Whose burdened souls have turned to Christ's dear
Cross,
Led by his words, to find our pardon there,—
We who have brought our little ones to him
For baptism and confirmation's grace,
Have heard his teaching, knelt with him in prayer,
Received our daily blessing from his lips,
And rained our tears upon his quiet grave,—
Our life's one bishop, pastor, guide and friend ;
We still must hold most dear in memory,
In reverent honour and in tender love,
Hibbert, fourth Bishop of this Nova Scotian See.

August 12th, 1887.

FATHER DAMIEN.

DIED APRIL 10TH, 1889.

Has the world lost love and faith ?
Is religion effete and dead ?
Has the loving Christ of Nazareth
 No one in his steps to tread ?
Are the saints who walk in white,
 But myths of a by-gone age ?
Has chivalry naught of its deeds to write
 On this nineteenth century's page ?
In the struggle for wealth and place,
 In a world gone mad with greed,
One man has looked on the Master's face,
 And learned and loved His creed.

Where Hawaiian Islands lift
 Their peaks in the golden light,
And palm trees shadow each fertile rift
 Above the coast line white,—
There beauty with poison of death is blent ;
 There men through its ghastly leaven,
Are herded like beasts in shambles pent,
 Deserted by earth and heaven.
Like festers vile with loathsome taint,
 They darken the fair sweet scene ;
No surcease found in the wailing plaint
 Of the leper's cry " Unclean,"

No Christ like He on Capernaum's hill,
To bring to the tortured soul
The tender answer of love, "I will,—
Be clean, I have made thee whole."

One who had drank of the living wine
That gladdens the Master's feast,
And had filled his heart with love divine—
A brave young Belgian priest—
Went out from the sweetness of love and life,
To that loathsome leper's den,
Where sin and sorrow in deadly strife
Made brutes of living men :
Only the cross on his valiant breast—
In its strength to suffer and die—
The Isles of Hawaii have told the rest
On the scroll of eternity !
How his ceaseless pity fell like dew
On the blackened soil of sin,
And Christ through His servant in mercy drew
The wearied outcasts in ;

How the blinded eyes received their sight,
Of the broken hearts made whole ;
He was the window through which the light
Poured in on each darkened soul ;

He lifted them up from sin and shame,
From life's darkest and worst despair,
Till God was no longer an idle name,
But a Father revealed in prayer.
Flint-stones and thorns on his way of pain,
Eyes blinded by homesick tears,
The famine of heart and the fevered brain,
Through an exile of sixteen years :
Yet the chivalrous soul its devoir wrought,
For the men he had gone to save,
As day by day, he was slowly brought
To a leper's lonely grave.

The world looked out on this hero soul,
Passed far from beyond its ken,
A martyr attaining the well-earned goal—
A man who had died for men.
And the coward soul shrank back in shame,
And the faithless took heart of grace,
At the light of Father Damien's name,
Reflected from God's own face :
One noble heart in this hard, gross age,
One white-souled saint, whose faith
Has touched with glory earth's sordid page,
And hallowed both life and death !

May, 1889.

PALMISTRY.

Give me your left hand, dear ;
Let me read its lines for you,
So daintily cut and clear,
On its palm of shell-pink hue.

Sensitive finger tips—
The fennel and rue of pain
Will touch your rosy lips,
As they bend life's draught to drain.

Tender and tell-tale lines—
Here passion and truth have met ;
Brave is the soul that shines,
Its courage will conquer yet.

Life-line and heart-line touch—
Love will be all in all ;
The brain will yield too much
To affection's eager call.

Here hope with tireless wings,
Gives courage to brave the worst
That disappointment brings,
To baffle life's restless thirst.

Give me your right hand, dear ; . . .

Let me see if the germs were true ;

Is there fruit and harvest here

In life's field as tilled by you ?

A thriftless worker sometimes ;

Here and there a line left out,

A break in the silver chimes,

Faith lost in the grasp of doubt.

But some lines have worked their will,

O tender and true of heart,

No need of diviner's skill,

For yours is the better part !

Self has been set aside,

Love working with fate's decree,

Has wrapped its conquered pride

In the mantle of charity.

Sweetheart ! your tender hands

Are full of life's sweetest lore,

Happy the heart that understands

And holds them forevermore.

No need the lines to scan ;

In their tender strength I see,

All that to yearning heart of man

A woman's heart can be.

September 8th, 1889.

SOME DAY.

Some day my aching heart will be at rest
In the strange quiet of a darkened room ;
Some day, my hands be crossed upon my breast,
All cold and waxen in the twilight's gloom :
Voices may tremble, feet may slowly tread
In the hushed house where I am lying dead.

Some gentle hand may touch my tired form,
And lay a rosebud on the snowy fold
That drapes the bosom once with passion warm ;
Some loving clasp may for a moment hold
My poor cold hands—remembering with tears
Some kindly deed of theirs in by-gone years ;

Some tender voice may speak a loving word :
Death has such strange atoning power in store
For all life's failures—pardon only heard
When the poor yearning heart can feel no more—
That even I, in life condemned, unshriven,
Then—when I need it not—may be forgiven.

Some day I wonder if you, too, will stand
And look once more upon my white, set face ;
If you will touch my cold and nerveless hand
That loved to find in yours a resting place,
And look with tender glance of pained surprise,
On my pale lips and unresponsive eyes.

I do not think your tears will fall for me—
I had no kindred power your heart to touch ;
But surely there will stir some memory
Of one who loved and trusted you so much :
Whatever sins my fierce, strange nature knew,
My heart was always staunch and warm to you—

So warm, like fruit that ripens in the sun ;
You never knew—nor yet can understand ;
Some natures need so much to feed upon,
But mine had nothing from your niggard hand ;
And yet my heart was like an open book,
With pages where your eyes alone could look.

I wonder if my death will give you pain !
If you will ever think of me, or miss
The loving homage, fresh from heart and brain,
On lips that often longed your own to kiss—
Not with the passion of life's long ago,
But like a guileless child I loved you so :

If you will ever in your breast recall,
With longing pain that compensates the past,
The memory of the friend who gave you all ;
Who prayed for, blessed, and loved you to the last ;
Who brings you now grapes full of living wine,
And pours the rich libation at your shrine.

Some day, and soon, will come an end to this ;
The wine be spilled, the broken bowl laid down,
And your full life may for a moment miss
And mourn the love that might have been its crown.
If death may have what life could never win,
Some day, this very morning, may begin !

August 29th, 1889.



